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THE SPHERE, JUNE 5, 1937
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIX No. 1950 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 5 1937

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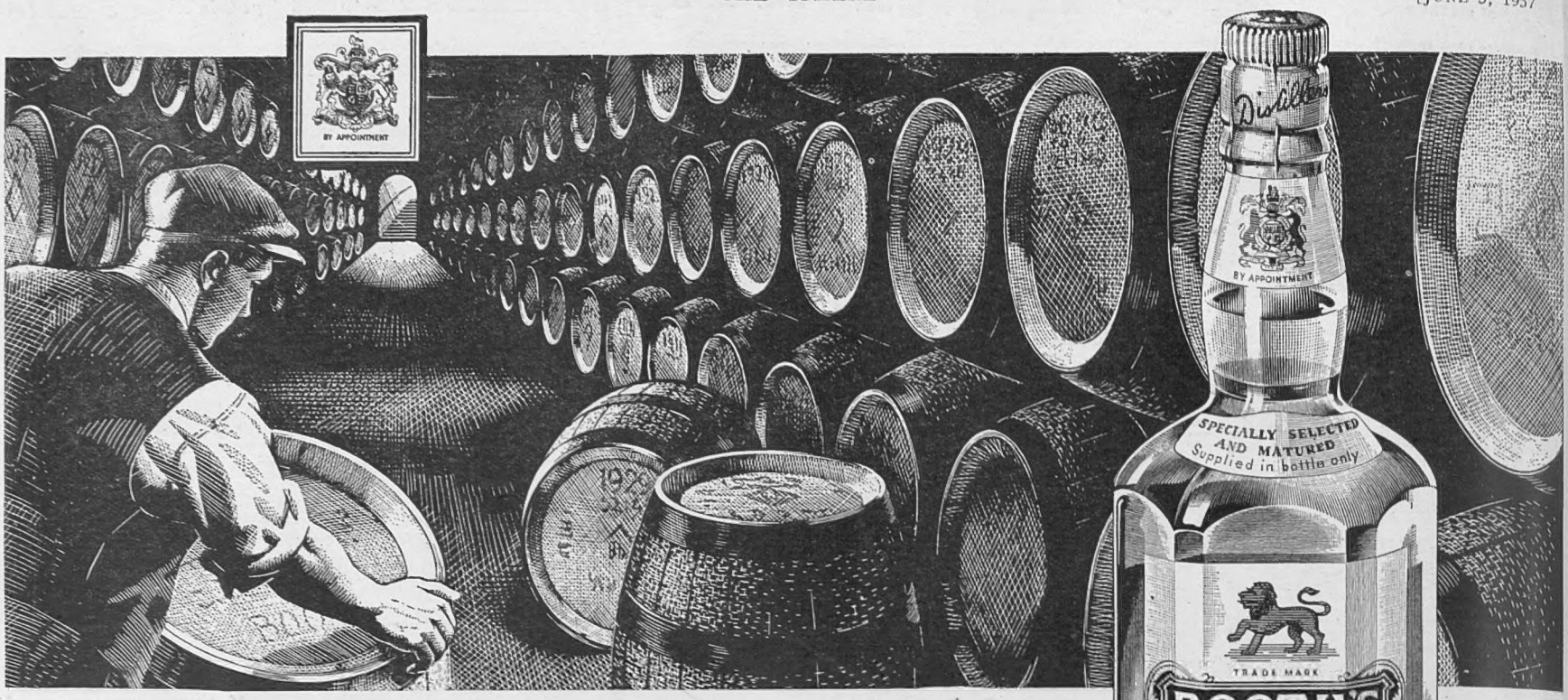

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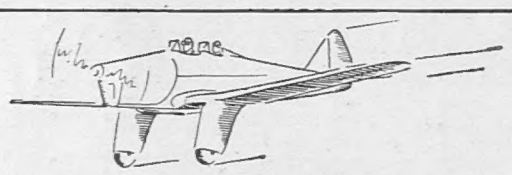

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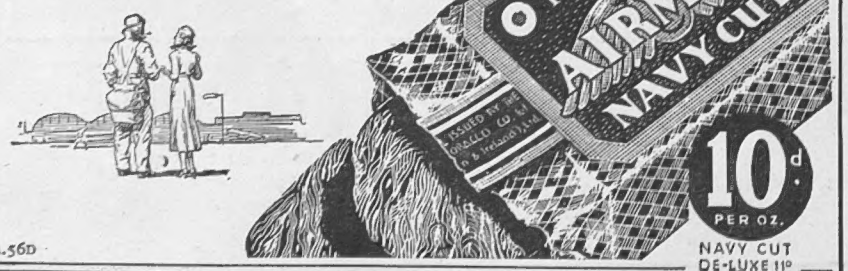

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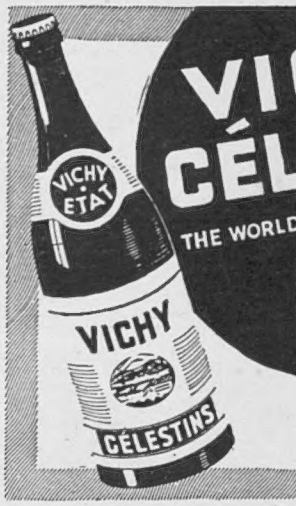

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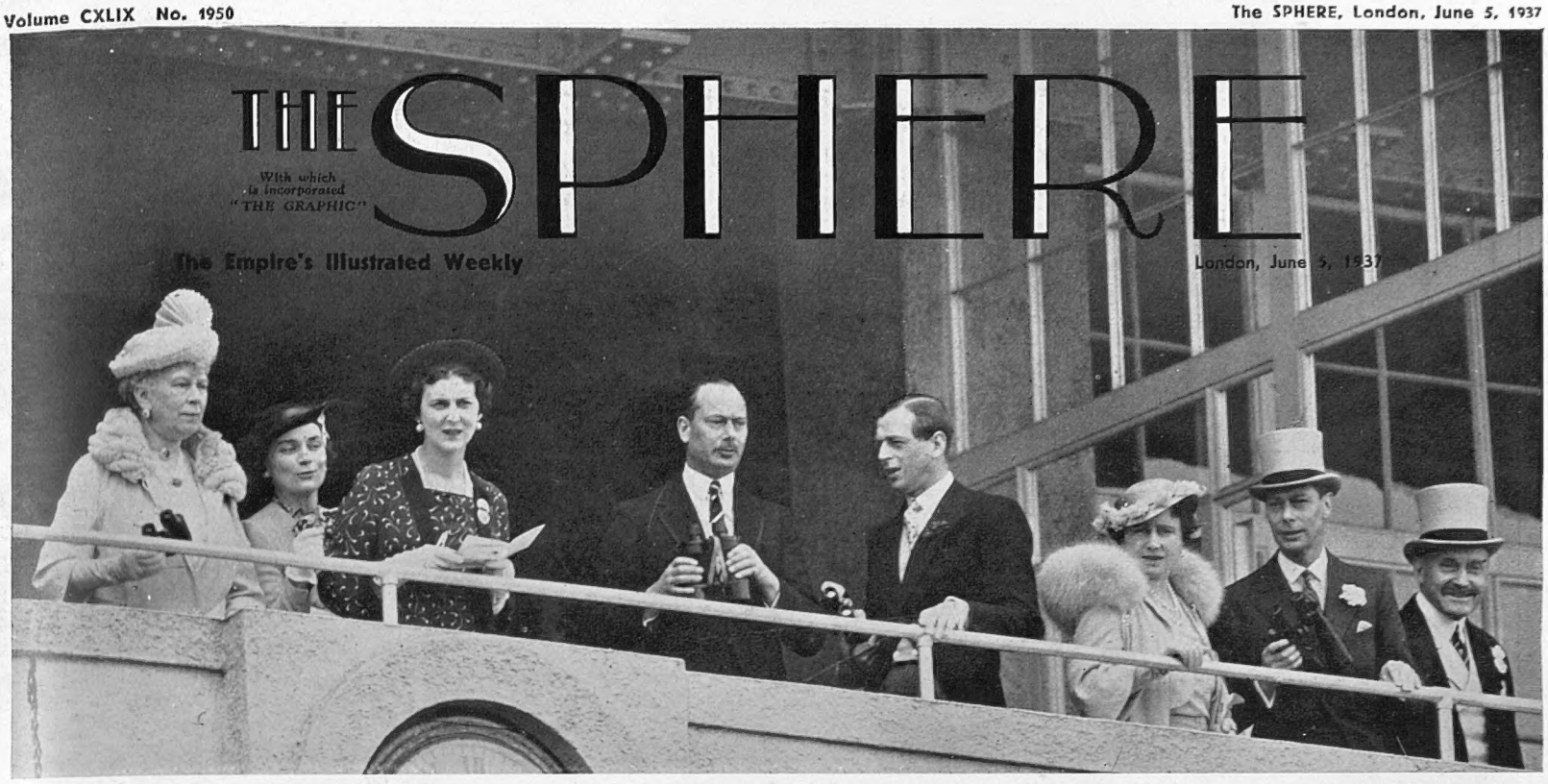
Volume CXLIX No. 1950

The SPHERE, London, June 5, 1937



THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 5, 1937

WOMAN OWNER'S DERBY TRIUMPH

How Mrs. G. B. Miller's Mid-Day Sun Won the Blue Riband of the Turf

On Wednesday, with thousands of their subjects around them on the stands and on Epsom Downs, the King and Queen and members of the Royal family (who are depicted at top in the Royal box) witnessed the first success ever attained by a woman owner in the Derby as Mrs. G. B. Miller's Mid-Day Sun, by that good sire Solario, won a thrilling race with M. Beary in the saddle from the 100—1 outsider, Sandsprite, also belonging to a woman owner, and the Aga Khan's well-fancied entry, Le Grand Duc, which thus failed to bring off the "hat-trick" by emulating the feats of Bahram in 1935 and Mahmoud in 1936. Mid-Day Sun, which had previously won the Free Handicap and the Derby Trial Stakes, and had been third in the Two Thousand Guineas, put in a magnificent finish, easily accounting for the heavily-backed foreign challengers in Le Ksar, Goya II, and Perifox, while Cash Book failed to bring a change of fortune to that unlucky owner, Lord Astor. The centre picture shows the field rounding Tattenham Corner with Fairford in command, and the bottom picture the finish

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

OUSTED FROM THE DOWNS: The gipsies, whose presence at Epsom has for long been a familiar feature of Derby week, but who were prevented this time from camping on their usual site by a newly enacted by-law, found a protector in Lady Sybil Grant, who gave them permission to assemble with their caravans in a large field at the end of Downs Road, which would otherwise have served as a parking ground. There were about forty-five vans in the field, a few of which are depicted here, and none but genuine gipsies were admitted, many of them bearers of ancient Romany names. Lady Sybil, who is known as a poet, writer, and artist, is a daughter of the 5th Earl of Rosebery who formerly lived at Durdans, her present Epsom home, and who won the Derby no fewer than three times—in 1894, 1895, and 1905.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, June 2, 1937.

MR. BALDWIN HANDS OVER THE WHEEL.—Mr. Baldwin has retired. A great Prime Minister has ended his career in a blaze of glory and with nation-wide, world-wide, expressions of respect, affection, and approbation of a kind which few of his predecessors could claim to have equalled. No man ever steered ship of State through seas more stormy and perilous with a cooler head, a steadier hand, a warmer heart, a surer faith, a finer courage. He believed in his crew and understood the temper of our race of men. He is a great Englishman because he loves and understands England. He will not repeat the errors of some of his predecessors. He is too wise to "stage a comeback," too much a philosopher to hanker after the place and power he has resigned. It is a comfort to know he will be there in the background as counsellor and trusty friend. He will die with his reputation unsullied by petty campaigns to win back to the limelight. And that reputation is immensely high. He is numbered among our few great Premiers, and that fine but not uncountable roll of great Englishmen. I had rather he remained plain Mr. Baldwin, but our constitution being the anomaly it still persists in remaining, he agreed to become first of a family of earls, since his counsel will be best made available in the Upper House. Mr. Chamberlain, his first mate during the long trick, takes his place on the bridge with a wealth of experience behind him, and another ex-Premier, Mr. MacDonald, follows Mr. Baldwin into comparative retirement and peace. May they and their successors and this country ensue peace and enjoy it.

THE NEW BROOM (REBOUND).—With the retirement of two Premiers from the Government and other ministerial changes, Mr. Chamberlain has reshuffled the pack and arranged his trumps to suit himself. Sir John takes his place as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Samuel rises to Principal Secretary of State with a transfer from Admiralty to Home Office, a post which Sir Kingsley was expected to fill. (But he retains his old office for the benefit of our health.) Mr. Runciman retires with a Viscountcy and Sir John Davidson, *fidus Achates* of Mr. Baldwin, also goes to "another place." Mr. Baldwin himself, as expected, has accepted a peerage and receives the Garter. Mr. MacDonald has refused it. The anomalies inherent in the ancient system of creating hereditary titles, in a modern Democracy (so-called), must continue to embarrass us by its illogicality until at last we surrender to some workable modification. Other changes of post in the shuffle are as follows. Mr. Duff Cooper leaves the War Office for the Admiralty; Mr. Belisha succeeds him at the War Office and will be glad to forget road casualty statistics in a new drive for army recruits. He has a high reputation for propaganda and will easily forget his "Safety first" slogan to youth which hardly fits his new role. Lord Stanhope takes over the Board of Education, Lord de la Warr makes play with the Privy Seal, and Doctor Burgin at the Ministry of Transport brings the Labour quota up again. There are four Liberals and fifteen Conservatives in a Cabinet of twenty-one. But largely it is the mixture as before. It is curious how Premiers are prepared to sacrifice such experience as Ministers may have hardly won in their Departments for the traditional "shuffle" of a new régime, which so-called promotion demands.

SIMPLIFICATION AT COURT.—The Opposition's criticism of the Civil List was conducted as expected with restraint, politeness, and sense of humour. It was, indeed, courteous play-acting. After the Coronation, any serious criticism would, as Mr. Maxton said, have been "batting on a sticky wicket." Yet there was obvious sense in much of what was said. Thousands of people are conscious of the anomaly. The Coronation ceremonies were inevitably a field day for Privilege and the more the words "democratic monarch" were employed, the more did the privileged hedge in the throne. Until the public is given a clear idea of precisely what a Sovereign's duties are in a modern State, and learns exactly the sort of working day which the King's secretaries and other officials are expected to go through during a busy season like the present, so long (except in times of hysterical enthusiasm or great prosperity) will sections of the public knit its brow over the figures of the Civil List, and declare that democratic Sovereignty is a contradiction in terms. Nothing is too strong in language to describe the adulation and flattery daubed over our daily bread of news by press and radio. It drives educated men and women all over the world to distraction. It is silly and sickening, and the Court, if twenty-five years ago it considered such propaganda desirable, does not so regard it now. It is embarrassed by it, as are the Royalties. As for a love of pageantry and pomp, Royalties, being like other English ladies and gentlemen, may be fairly assumed to share our preference for peace, privacy, and simplicity, howsoever rich or poor we be, whenever such blessings are possible. I never knew a millionaire or a duke who did not snatch these boons whenever chance offered. It is because Royalties have so few chances for these blessings that we offer them our respect and pity and regard without envy their incomes and their lot.

SIMPLIFICATION ELSEWHERE.—Simplification of Court life, the Premier declares, is at any rate a matter for the King. It is good news. For simplification of life is far from the minds of the Government. Queer indeed how short is official memory. The great slump is not far away in the background of history. It is sandwiched in, as an oasis of retrenchment and simplification, between Mr. George's great extravaganza of 1919–21 and the present "wave of prosperity". Have all forgotten our panic and our resolve to retrench and simplify life and to axe redundancy so few years ago? Are times so good—when the taxpayer yields from half to a quarter of his income (and capital at death) to the Exchequer—for a new extravaganza to be justified? Our economy Chancellor becomes Premier and is the first to receive £10,000 a year (which his office deserves) and to preside over a Cabinet and a House all in receipt of greatly enhanced salaries. The taxpayer pays higher than ever. The M.P. gets a 33⅓ per cent. increase, rich or poor. Our "prosperity" is fizz—it has gone to the heads of our Government.

BUSMEN'S HOLIDAY.—For more than a month, at a time when they were more vitally needed than ever before, the London busmen were "out." Looking back on it all, the most striking feature of a great hold-up in transport was the unwillingness of the Press to give it much publicity or of the public to criticise or complain. Always the London public can be philosophic in discomfort, and the Press on the whole has a fine reputation for restraint. Why was Press, why was public, so careful of its words? During the latter part of the strike at least the Executive Council of the Transport and General Workers' Union was wholly out of sympathy with the continuance of the strike in the face of findings by a Court

of Inquiry which it regarded as acceptable as a basis for real and lasting reforms of workers' hardships. But, flouting their authorised leaders, their representatives in industrial negotiations, the men continued to stay out, and their own committee planned to hold the public up for 100 per cent. victory by embroiling other branches of transport, flaunting the authority of their Union, the rights of the public, and industrial morality. They were saved from that at the eleventh hour; their Union leaders asserted themselves, and the busmen have been spared the indignation of the public. It remains to record the remarkable toleration of all concerned and to account for it. I think my own reasons for restraint and open-mindedness were common to most people. The strike hit me hard. I detest the Underground; it never takes me where I wish to go. I must cover long distances in London and am an inveterate bus-goer. But, because I am always in buses, I have a clear idea of the intolerable existence which the congestion of London streets and the necessary traffic control create for drivers and conductors. It is hell to sit idle in those sulphuric queues. It must be double hell to keep constantly alert and polite in the stress and fume of that stop-and-go progress through London. If the long martyrdom of the bus patrons should end in reforms which take note, not only of legitimate grievances of the busmen, but also relieve the streets of unnecessary or not so vitally necessary traffic, and increase underground facilities, speeding up under-and-over street crossings and generally *tackle* London transport

ECHO OF THE DAYS OF DIGNIFIED TRAVEL: The scene near the Magazine in Hyde Park last Saturday morning, when the Coaching Club, which was formed sixty-seven years ago to encourage the art and pastime of driving horses four-in-hand, held its opening meet of the season in the presence of quite a large crowd of spectators on foot and mounted. There was a muster of ten coaches—two more than last year—and after making their usual tour of the Park they left by Queen's Gate, making their way via Earl's Court and Walham Green to Hurlingham

scandals seriously and instantly, then neither workers nor public will have suffered in vain.

SIR ERNEST MORRIS. — Sydney Lord Knutsford's right-hand man and loyal supporter and life-long friend is dead, and the London Hospital has lost one more of the pioneers of its great restoration. He was seventy-one. He was second dispenser at the London when Sydney Holland came in. Holland at once promoted him to chief dispenser, then to the re-organisation of the enlarged theatre facilities. In 1903, when the secretary Mr. Roberts retired, Sydney Holland chose Morris to replace him. He became an absolute mine of knowledge concerning hospital and staff, A man of vision and intense humanity, he played a big part in directing the generosity of benefactors into the channel of research. He and Miss Luckes, the matron, made up, with Holland, a great triumvirate, and under them the London reached the peak. He wrote the history of the Hospital, a monumental work; he adored his chief with discriminating humour; and the spirit of the London was composed in important part of his spirit—ideals of service, high and practical sentimentality, humour, courage, hope, belief in the essential nobility of human nature. Long after he retired, he enjoyed his own private room in the hospital—a few square feet of priceless space, and he was a part of the Hospital he had done so much to build.

A VERY UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT.—When on May 30 Spanish Government planes dropped bombs on the German *Deutschland* at Ibiza in the Balearics, they recklessly threw the fat into the fire. Non-intervention, if it be only a name for an unattainable ideal, went up in smoke. To say that the "unfortunate incident"—a hundred good Nazis killed and wounded—was a clearly authorised act of policy on the part of the inchoate and distressed Government, would be unfair and absurd. It would be convicting of lunacy a body of men not yet examined by alienists. It was not even (doubtless) a case of the tail wagging the dog. It was an act, common in war and committed in the haze and madness of war, by individual aviators possibly in complete ignorance of what they were doing, but certainly not responding to direct official instructions from their Government. That may be accepted as pathetically certain. But responsibility for the action must none the less be shouldered by the Government. It is a risk which all Governments take in war and one which they sometimes wriggle out of by disowning or punishing the perpetrators. That again is a risk which generals and pilots and so forth on service must often shoulder. The question on Monday, May 31, was: Would Germany give to the Spanish Government a chance to disown or otherwise wriggle out? It was an anxious moment for European peace. It was quite obvious that Hitler, even if he himself desired to act with restraint, would be forced by his lieutenants into strong and even furious notice of the outrage. The answer had already been given before newspapers are delivered in London. Hitler showed his hand—a ruthless leading of clubs (followed by spades). Many innocent people in Almeria paid the reckoning in blood. A ghastly business.

JOHN D.—Old man Rockefeller is dead at last. For the last few years his life was but postponed death. It is probable that at his apex he was at one time worth (on paper of course) £170,000,000. But he gave away in charity and to promote far-sighted schemes for the betterment of humanity half as many millions as he was reputed by sensationalists to possess. He was in his ninety-eighth year, and before he died he learned the lesson that most of the things for which he strove in his prime were vanity and vexation.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.—A hot and fine spell in May is worth a King's ransom, and we at least would still pay high for such a necessity if it arose. It has been indeed a glorious May on the whole. Never was blossom so rich and flowering so general. Every spring delight has turned up trumps, whether wild in the woods or tamed in the gardens. Such a riot of double cherries and geans, of azaleas, lilac, laburnum, wistaria, I seldom remember to have seen. So, when what is perhaps the finest of all the fine Chelsea Shows, opened on the warmest and finest May day in decades, it is not surprising that the pilgrims of Pan flocked to the feast at the Royal Hospital. For this is the headquarters of the most efficient League of Nations ever devised by suffering humanity. Here, amid the azaleas, and the roses, and the rock gardens, and all the latest and choicest varieties of flowers and plants, men learn to forgive and to understand, and to separate the false and the irrelevant from the essential and the true. All over England, the summer through, garden-owners under a noble scheme open their gardens and hearts to garden-lovers, and learn to sympathise, to tolerate, to make allowances; to strive for beauty, colour, harmony, and fragrance in the midst of harshness, misery, and ignorance, and sordidness; to find in a corridor of a thousand closed doors that which leads to the only things that matter—peace of mind and peace on earth. It is one of the more encouraging signs of our modern life that every year more and more money is poured out—the soundest of investments—in the making and improving of gardens.

AT GLYNDEBOURNE.—The Mozart season at Glyndebourne opened again and weather conditions have been making handsome amends. Weather matters and it doesn't. Glyndebourne is the English equivalent of music enjoyed under ideal conditions in Germany; it has in it something of Salzburg, something of Munich, something of Oberammergau. The aim is to wed the perfection of art with the perfection of nature, and when you go to Glyndebourne on a perfect summer evening, the aim is attained, for the setting is ideal and the technique superb.

THE OLD STAGER.

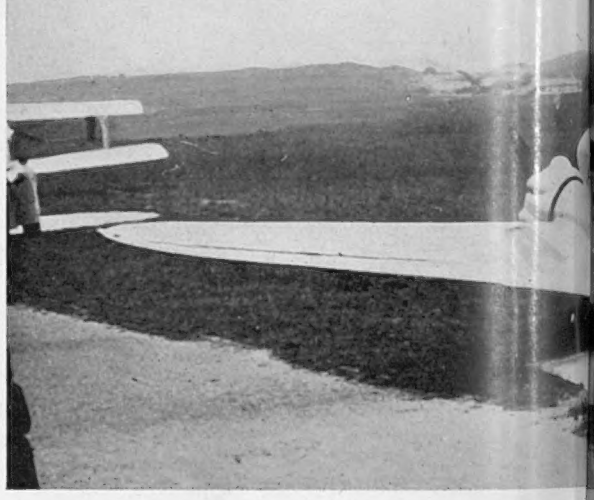
THE ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON HOSPITAL.—A sale of antique furniture, china, etc. will take place at 5, Great Stanhope Street, W.1, from June 7 until June 12. The sale, which is in aid of the Building Fund of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital will be opened at 3 o'clock on the 7th by Miss Irene Vanbrugh and subsequently from 11 a.m.—7 p.m. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, the President of the Hospital has graciously promised to visit the sale on the afternoon of the opening day. Among articles of interest for sale there will be a pair of Stuart chairs, Chippendale corner cabinet, a small Persian table with silver and lapis lazuli inlay, and a Regency table with fine Coromandel top; also dessert services, pictures (sporting and flower prints), clocks, etc., and every article will be sold at a moderate price. The large and representative Committee have taken the greatest interest in collecting things for it, and as the proceeds are ear-marked for the new Nurses' Home and Private Patients' Wing, it is hoped to have the support of all women. This will be a good opportunity for not only helping this great object, but for buying at reasonable prices interesting and useful gifts of all kinds. A charge of 1s. will be made for admission, except on the afternoon of the 7th, when the charge will be 2s. 6d. until 5 o'clock.

SUNDAY BY THE SEA: The sands at Camber, Sussex, thronged with cars during the morning when thousands of people went to the coast to escape London's heat as the temperature hovered round the 80 deg. mark for the first time this year. The traffic was heavy on nearly all roads leading out of town, a census taken between 10 a.m. and mid-day revealing that 3,500 to 4,000 cars were passing per hour at Staines, 3,000 to 4,000 at Pain's Hill on the Portsmouth route, and 5,000 at Wrotham on the Folkestone route, evidently the most popular of all. Interestingly enough a very considerable increase was noted in the number of tandem cycles in use

AT HOME AND

THE R.A.F. AS HOST TO THE NATION: Spectators thronging the flying field at Duxford, Cambridgeshire; one of the fifty-three Royal Air Force stations where special Empire Air Day displays were given last Saturday and in which over 1,000 aircraft participated. Unfortunately the day was marred by a large number of accidents, the total death roll throughout the country being thirteen, including five men using service machines. The attendance figures were encouraging, being between 250,000 and 300,000

PRINCE MICHAEL GOES VISITING: The Rumanian Crown Prince leaving the station in company with Colonel Beck, Poland's Foreign Minister, on arrival at Warsaw last week to pay an official call on the Polish President and hand him a letter of invitation to visit King Carol in Bucharest. Prince Michael had the misfortune to mislay his travelling trunk en route and thus had to make his appearance clad in a lounge suit



A FRENCH AIR LINER SHOT DOWN BY THE INSURGENTS: Pyrenees and piloted by M. Gully, was brought to earth by Franco's fighting machines having silenced its port engine

TRAGEDY MARS ISLE OF MAN AIR RACE: Firemen dealing with the wreckage of the machine in which Mr. S. W. Sparkes and Mr. Charles Fry were killed when crashing against a house near Hanworth aerodrome at the start of the contest. The house was set on fire and one of its occupants, Mrs. Elsie Abbey, who had just undergone an operation, suffered severely from burns before being rescued. She died later

GENERAL FRANCO RE-PATRIATES FOREIGN PRISONERS OF WAR: pictured at Hendaye on May 29 when they arrived in French the civil war. They were escorted by the military governor fr were taken in charge by the French Gardes Mobiles. Th

ABROAD: A Pictorial Survey

THE SOVIET POLAR DASH: Professor O. J. Schmidt, leader of the Russian scientific expedition which has made a successful aeroplane flight to the North Pole and established a camp there on a drifting ice-floe. It was stated that he would endeavour to continue investigations into polar ice drift, magnetic conditions, and meteorology for a year, with a view to making possible the organisation of a polar air line to the United States

CORPUS CHRISTI AMONG THE BASQUES: The Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth mingling with the children in the refugee camp at North Stoneham, near Southampton, after conducting a service on their behalf. The youngsters have quickly settled down in their new surroundings where they are at last able to forget the horrors and privations they endured during the past few months in Bilbao. There was a certain amount of consternation a few days ago when a case of typhoid was reported

This twin-engined Airspeed Envoy commercial aeroplane, belonging to Air week at Sopelana in Basque territory, machine-gun fire by one of The pilot, through whose screen a bullet passed, was slightly injured

WOMEN FREEMASONS IN CONCLAVE: Members of this growing organisation wearing their insignia at a special meeting at Caxton Hall, Westminster, at which Mrs. Seton Chalon, the Grand Master, referred to the scheme for building a new Masonic Temple as a lasting monument to the pioneer work of women masons throughout the world. An effort is now being made to raise the necessary funds

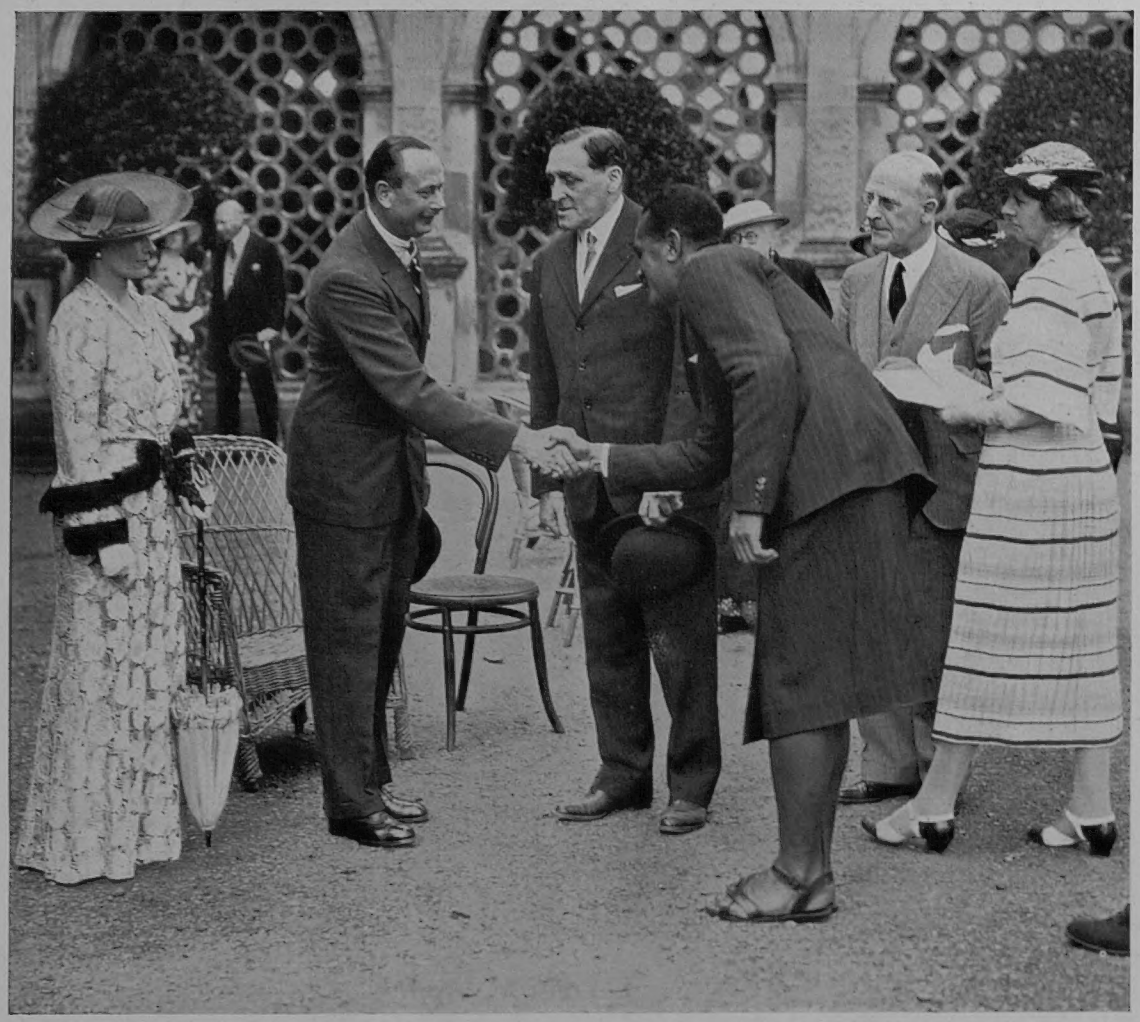
Members of the party of forty-two men, including twenty-three Britons, territory, having been freed by the rebels who captured them earlier in run to the centre of the international bridge at Hendaye where they Spaniards gave them a demonstrative and good-humoured send-off

KING AND PREMIER: Peter II, of Yugoslavia, who will shortly be celebrating his fourteenth birthday, greeting Dr. Stoyadinovitch, the Prime Minister, at a military review in Belgrade. The young King is now making much more frequent appearances than in the early days of his reign

BRITON WINS BERLIN CAR RACE: C. H. Martin garlanded after his victory last Sunday in the contest for cars up to 1,500 cc. on the Avus track, near Berlin, in which he covered the course of approximately 84 miles in 44 minutes 13 seconds at an average speed of 119.2 m.p.h.

BRITAIN: HOST TO THE EMPIRE

Activities of Our Coronation Visitors



A KILTED NOTABILITY FROM FIJI being received by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at the garden party given last Saturday by the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury at their historic home, Hatfield House, and attended by distinguished Coronation visitors from oversea, including the Prime Ministers of Canada and Australia, the Sultan of Johore, the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, and the Alake of Abeokuta

THE KING'S LEVEE: Mr. Nanayakkarage Silva, D.S., O.B.E., was among the thousand or more personages who attended at St. James's Palace on Friday of last week, and were received by His Majesty

THE PADIKARA MUDALIYAR, OF CEYLON, and his wife were two other interesting visitors at the Hatfield House garden party given by Lord and Lady Salisbury who, for the occasion, threw open the entire house and arranged a number of their priceless and documentary treasures in different rooms for inspection

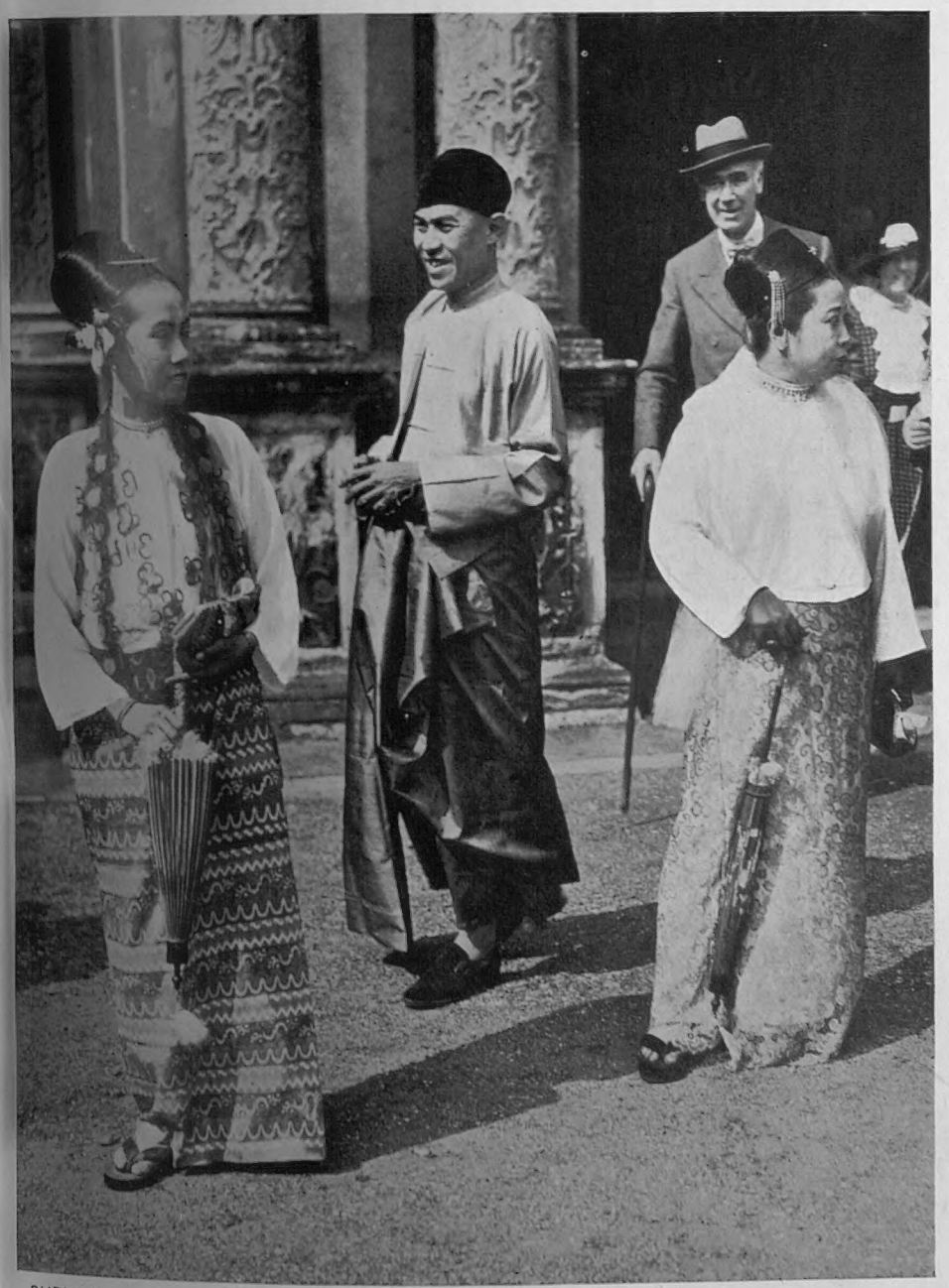
HANDWORK BY DISABLED SOLDIERS: Queen Mary talking with some of the men in the grounds of Violet Lady Melchett's home, 35, Lowndes Square, where she attended an exhibition and sale of products made by the Disabled Soldiers Embroidery Industry

SHEIKH OMA FYE, a ruler from the Gambia, also added a picturesque touch to the gay scene at Hatfield House garden party, which was held on an afternoon of brilliant sunshine

OF THE FIJI DEFENCE FORCE: Major A. B. Clive, O.B.E., M.C., was presented at the King's Levee by the Secretary for the Colonies

SIMPLICITY IN COURT ATTIRE: Mr. K. K. Lalkakai, a Parsee from India, wore a white three-quarter length coat when he attended the St. James's Palace Levee

KING FAROUK OF EGYPT AT WOKING MOSQUE: His Majesty at the main entrance following the service; a picture showing on right the shoes taken off by the worshippers before entering. The King, who came to London for the Coronation, but was not present in an official capacity, has taken the opportunity during the past week or so of meeting many Egyptian residents in London, quite a few of them friends of his student days spent over here

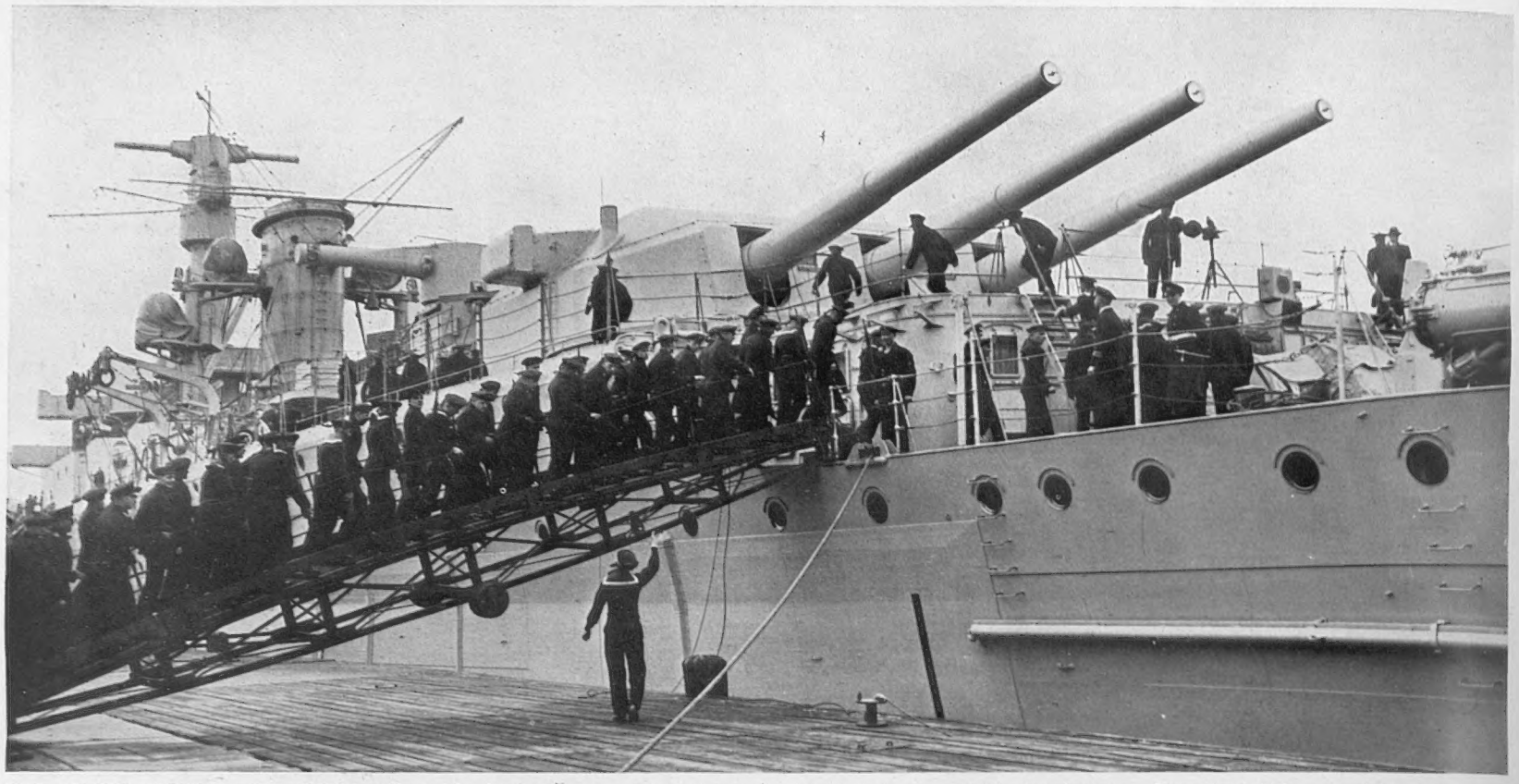


BURMA'S CHIEF MINISTER, the Hon. Dr. Ba Maur, walking in the grounds of Hatfield during the garden party which constituted one of the most memorable of the many acts of hospitality extended to visitors from oversea during the Coronation season. Dr. Ba Maur is a barrister and a member of both the Executive and Legislative Councils of Burma

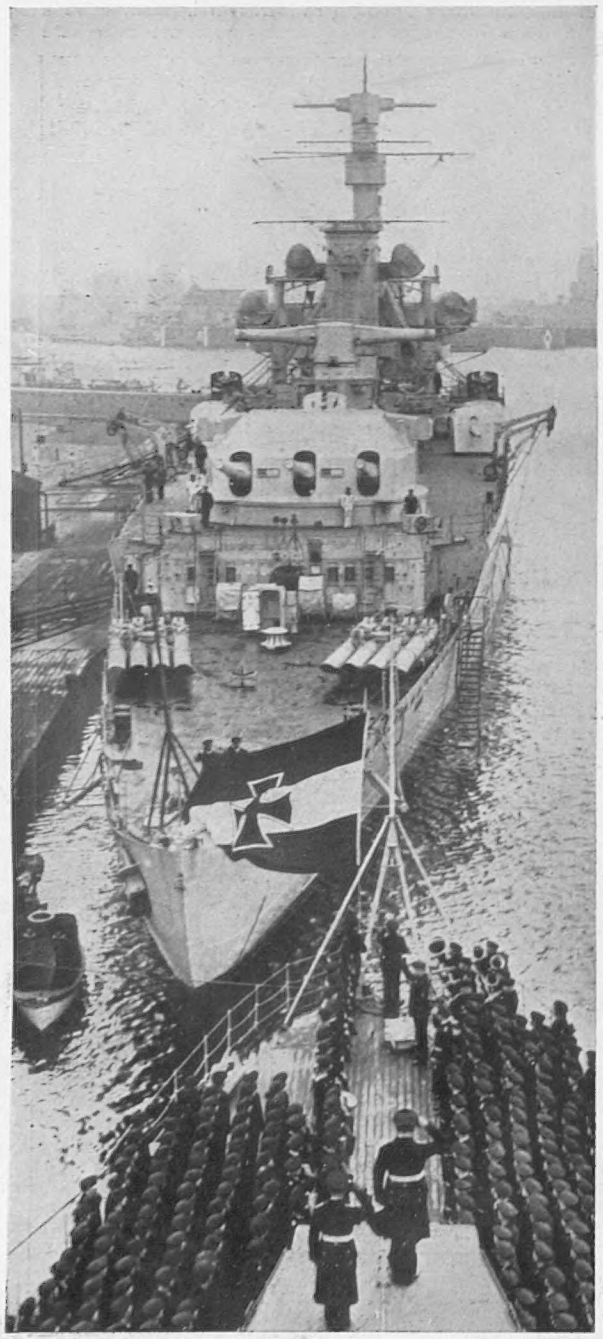
CAVALRYMEN GO BY TAXI: Officers of the Bada Horse, one of India's crack regiments, leaving St. James's Palace after attending the King's Levee, the most brilliant and representative Empire assembly that has been held in this country in the last quarter of a century

THE BOMBING OF GERMANY'S POCKET BATTLESHIP "DEUTSCHLAND"

How Spanish Government Fighting Machines Precipitated a New Crisis by Their Action in the Roadstead at Iviza



THE BOMBED WARSHIP: The 10,000-ton *Deutschland* which was lying at anchor in Iviza roadstead in the Balearic Isles on Saturday last when two Spanish Government aeroplanes appeared overhead, flying at a height of 9,000 ft. or 10,000 ft., and dropped two 550-lb. bombs, one piercing the deck forward of the bridge and the other hitting a starboard gun turret, killing twenty-four men and injuring nineteen. The attack, it is understood, occurred at a time when most of the crew were off duty and, as the afternoon was very hot, numbers of the seamen were lying on the forecastle and mess decks. *Deutschland* immediately weighed anchor and made for Gibraltar, where she landed her killed and injured, while as a reprisal five German warships bombarded the port of Almeria



BUILT AT A COST OF £3,750,000: The 10,000-ton *Deutschland* which was launched by President Hindenburg in 1931 and was the first of the three so-called pocket battleships designed by Germany to show that her technical ingenuity could outwit the restrictive clauses of the Peace Treaty

When Britain Intervened in Spain

Her Share in the First of the Carlist Wars a Century Ago

A HUNDRED years ago Spain was in the throes of civil war, the first of the series of the Carlist wars, and Great Britain took a memorable share, now largely forgotten, in two distinct directions. In 1830 King Ferdinand had succeeded, rightly or wrongly, in abrogating the Salic law, and this made his daughter Isabella, then an infant, his heir, rather than his younger brother, Don Carlos. In 1833 he died and was succeeded by Isabella, with her mother, Queen Christina, as Regent. Shortly after the northern provinces led by the Basques burst into rebellion, and invited Don Carlos to come and be king. The ineffectiveness of the Royal army allowed the rebellion to make considerable headway at the outset, and ere long the civil war took on a fierce and inhuman aspect, prisoners on each side being ruthlessly massacred. Britain was greatly interested in the prosperity of Spain, which she had freed twenty years earlier from the French. The Royal Government, at least on paper, promised liberalism and progress. Finally France, Portugal, and Britain signed the Quadruple Treaty to maintain the Government of Christina.

At the very outbreak of the rebellion Lord Palmerston decided to send "an officer of rank and experience to the headquarters of the army of Her Catholic Majesty engaged in suppressing the rebellion in the northern provinces of Spain." Captain and local Colonel W. Wylde of the Royal Artillery, who had been very successful in somewhat similar circumstances in Portugal, was appointed Principal Commissioner. Wylde arrived in October, 1834, to find that the Royal armies were very ineffective, the rebels energetic, and both sides massacring their prisoners freely.

The British Government now decided to take a stronger hand, and sent an envoy, Lord Eliot, to try to make each side conclude a convention of mercy. He and Wylde, going freely from one to the other, succeeded in achieving this, which, after some failures, was finally observed. For several years they remained at their posts, conducting also exchanges of the starving wretches who had once been prisoners of war. This part of our share in the war was entirely praiseworthy and successful.

It was ere long, however, evident to the signatories of the Treaty, that the war would not be brought to an end nor Spain spared her agony unless the Royal troops were strengthened. Each signatory agreed to raise a contingent—Britain, 10,000 men; France, 1,000 French and 3,000 Algerians; Portugal, 4,000.

On June 10, 1835, an Order in Council was issued in London abrogating the terms of the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819, so far as Spain was concerned, and sanctioning the raising in the name of Queen Isabella of a division of all arms of 10,000 men. The terms offered were circulated to all the British recruiting offices, and Major-General De Lacey Evans, afterwards distinguished in the Crimea, was appointed to raise and command the Legion.

The Army List of the Legion indeed shows many names famous in the services during the last 100 years. To the Legion flocked officers and men who had been in the army. Many veterans of the Peninsula and Waterloo were included, 300 of the latter alone being enrolled. Many families spent a good deal of money in equipping their younger scions.

Unfortunately the expense of training in England demanded a transfer unprepared to Spain. The Legion arrived at San Sebastian in August, 1835, where it was extremely well received, for Spanish memories had nothing but gratitude for the memory of all that Wellington's armies had done. The result of arriving before being fully trained was inevitable; the Legion was hurried into action, and was roughly handled. It was then sent to share in the attack on Bilbao, for which again it was not fit, and Evans decided to fight no more till the corps were ready. Eventually it marched to Vittoria, where it fought, spent the winter and lost many from disease.

Now began a story of tragedy, lit up by much heroic service. Unfortunately Lord Palmerston had made one vital mistake. He should have stipulated that the Legion should be paid and fed under British authority, the cost being recovered from the Spanish. This was not done, and the Legion rotted for want of food, pay, and hospitals, and eventually mutinied. It was cruelly maligned in the British Press, largely at the instance of worthless officers whom Evans had dismissed. It fought bravely at Vittoria and more so at the relief of San Sebastian, where the stories of its action are stirring and typical, especially of the Irish units.

In 1837 the outraged and discontented Legion came home and what should have been a creditable venture ended ingloriously. A fresh Legion of 2,500 was formed from the remnant, but was no better treated. It also faded, when a third of 500 artillery cavalry properly paid and fed, was re-raised and served with credit. The other British action, the establishing of what have been called the Commissioners of Mercy, was highly successful.

George MacMunn, Lt.-General

A SULTAN GOES VISITING:

The Ruler of Surakarta, Wealthiest of Java's Princes, Pays Ceremonial Calls in Batavia, Capital of the Dutch East Indies

EASTERN POMP: His Princely Highness Paku Buwono X, Sultan of Surakarta, the oldest and richest of Java's native princes, recently paid a State visit to Batavia, capital of the Dutch East Indies, and is pictured here, followed by his consort, Ratu Mas, when calling at the sacred shrine of Luwar Batany.

The Sultan, who is now seventy, has reigned for close on forty years, still retaining all the old privileges of a Javanese ruler, though largely shorn of the power that once belonged to his family. On the occasion of Queen Wilhelmina's Jubilee he was made a General-Lieutenant, the highest rank ever attained by a native prince

BENEATH THE GOLDEN UMBRELLAS OF STATE: The Sultan, his wife, and h's daughters, standing beside the Sacred Cannon in the grounds of a shrine famous as a place of sacrifice for childless women. Another aspect of this native ruler's visit to the Colonial capital which lies three hundred miles from his own city

SURAKARTA'S ROYAL FAMILY: A formal group showing the Sultan, his wife, Ratu Mas, who is a step-sister of Sultan Hamangku Buwono VIII, ruler of Djokjakarta, and his favourite daughter, the only one of his children permitted to sit in his presence. They have always been known for their great hospitality towards Europeans

VICE-REGAL CALL: The Sultan and his daughter with Jonkheer Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer, Governor General of the Dutch East Indies, and his daughter in one of the salons at the Governor General's residence. Hanging on the wall behind is a portrait of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland

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PUTTING THE SWISS HOUSE IN ORDER

The Little Confederation Faces Financial Problems Following Over-long Adherence to Gold

The Task of Preserving Democratic Unity Against Growing Left and Right Wing Inroads

MODERNITY EPITOMISED: Zürich's wonder Post Office; one of the most up-to-date buildings of its kind in the world with every known device for the speedy handling of mails, including a private railway station and extensive garages

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AFTER many years more or less static side-stepping of contiguous Continental turmoil the Swiss Confederation now finds itself confronted by much the same problems as other people, with the result that there is figuratively less yodelling and sterner application, the country having set itself to do three things. Protect itself from possible aggression or over-running. Strengthen itself internally by "purification". Refashion faulty economics with special eye on maintaining national reputation as the tourists' playground.

These tourists, most of them, scarcely look beyond their hotel bills. These are cheap, judged in the visitor's own currency, therefore all must be well with the country! Whereas did the visitor take the trouble to inquire he would find that hotel prices have been unnaturally held down in order to attract him back, and that after eight months of it hotels can stand the pressure no longer and are about to be authorised to raise prices. As hotels constitute perhaps the key index of Swiss life, the rise means far more than if Bloomsbury or the Étoile were to do likewise. It means that Switzerland has now got to fight its battle consequent on over-long gold squatting conducting to a 30 per cent. devaluation.

Quickly in the wake of this operation there came momentary euphoria, crowned by the public subscribing £15,000,000 to a Defence Loan, three times more than had been asked. But that blitheness is spent. A small country nervous about neighbours that hem it in, worried over conflicting ideologies in its midst—fruit of being an international foyer of refugees—realising that its economic structure is too artificial, quite unhealthy—such is the burden of ten days motoring here, there, and anywhere.

Perhaps that "anywhere" should go out because I was too early to get over the St. Gotthard, about 7,000 ft., and so could not get into the Ticino, Italian Switzerland. I *could* have got in, plus car, but have not yet reached the motoring stage of paying nearly £2 to see my wretched four-wheeled wreck freighted to and fro through a mere five miles of Gotthard tunnel. Nor, oddly enough, is this to wander from one's subject, in as much as motoring is closely linked with the effort to put the Swiss house in order.

As late as a decade ago, American motor-salesmen decided that a country with the Alps in it was not a worthwhile proposition. At that time there were 56,000 cars in the country, one for every eighty inhabitants, and the Americans thought it about saturation point. To-day, thanks to three factors, cars are on the 100,000 mark and continue to multiply, with Italian makes leading, American (locally assembled) next, and Britain enjoying a mouldy 2 per cent. Incidentally, the Empire purchases 16 per cent. of Swiss exports while Switzerland buys but 11 per cent. from us.

The transformation awheel devolved from better roads, better cars, and facilities making for cheaper circulation. So important does the Berne Government consider this motoring aspect, that it has launched a Six-Year Road Plan to cost £4,000,000. The central idea is to correct the present blocking of practically all the mountain roads for eight months out of the twelve. The exasperating sort of paralysis such handicap of nature entails has to be experienced. When they said I couldn't go on to Lugano I produced printed matter stating that the Pass involved was open "from the beginning of May" but that merely produced "we are not responsible for the snow which has never lain so heavily, so late."

One is literally cut off, by road, one part of Switzerland from another. The only Pass open was the 5,000-ft. Col des Mosses, between Interlaken and Montreux, and a charming surface it was—something akin to bumping round in one of those toy electric contraptions at fun fairs.

However, even if they *will* feed you non-stop—veal and pork—the Swiss are wisely generous to the foreign motorist. One can circulate for ten days at a charge of two francs (no triptych needed), and presently, when I leave, they will hand me back 30 per cent. of what I have spent on petrol while in the country; at each pump they stamp on a form how many litres you take, and you produce the form at the farewell frontier. But the next waiter who proffers escalops or côte de porc, with noodles . . . !

Difficulties provoke frank self-analysis—with sensible people. The Swiss are on that game now. They are telling one another that—no use kidding oneself—Switzerland has since 1919 been a much dearer country than those around, and that the greatest care will have to be taken lest the benefits of last autumn's devaluation should be lost in a fatal rise in prices. Such rise was kept well in hand until early this year, but of late the graph has got steeper, partly by reason of Switzerland being the most heavily-protected democracy extant.

. . . All right, I'm not going into a string of statistics, only just this: butter in this land tinkling with cow-bells costs nearly three times as much as France offers from next door. Bread, meat, cheese, most of the popular staples, are going up because a cardinal principle of government is to sustain artificially the agricultural element. Urban industrial districts are clamouring for an end of this. They further point out that each time the Federal Government requires more money it simply increases import duties. Such duties have increased fourteen times over since 1919, until to-day, every purchaser of an imported article pays 15 per cent. to the State. The full import duty now equals 28 per cent.

A highly damaging result of this crazy Protection has shown itself in the shrinkage of imports to one-third of what they were after the war, and we are aware that "in order to export one must import." The Swiss are being prevented from importing, i.e., from exporting, and so several of the main industries are taking a knock, notably machinery, cotton and silk, whose one-seventh business increase following devaluation is now falling off and, anyway, was not enough. Alone, what was seemingly a doomed watch-making industry is soaring, the trading agreement with the U.S. being here much responsible.

Optimists point to unemployment down by some 20,000 to the 100,000 mark (meaning, proportionately, 1,100,000 with us), and the current hand-rubbing of hotel owners is instanced, yet it is plain enough to the objective passer-by that something is wrong in the happy valleys of Helvetia.

A popular programme calls for the halving of Customs and consumption taxation and for the suppression of all quota and import restrictions imposed since the advent of the crisis several years ago. The deficit caused to be met by a lopping of 30 per cent. off unhealthy subsidies, by a 10 per cent. cut in postal personnel, stricter Government economy, and taking the interest on the 600,000,000 francs which the National Bank gained through the devaluation.

"The Government must intervene, and at once," warns a leading publication, "else we are moving towards a dictatorship either of the Left or of Fascism."

Is that so? Well, at all events it brings us up with the next aspect in this bird's eye sweep: "purification" of the nation. This has nothing of "Aryan" rot about it. The Swiss could hardly launch out on 100 per cent. racial purity lines when they are not only composed of three nationalities, replete with their own languages, traditions, and way of life, but also harbour 400,000 aliens and a very numerous Jewish strain.

What the bulk of the Swiss wish to do, be they French, German, or Italian origined, is to preserve their democratic unity against the insistent inroads of both Fascism and Communism. The Swiss feel that their independence is at stake. Nothing less. When Nazi newspapers tell them that their country has become "a centre of Muscovite activities, a danger to Europe, with consequences unforseeable for Switzerland herself," reflective Swiss recognise the tone adopted with Spain and Czechoslovakia. Should it foretell an interventionist excuse some day?

The activities of Fascism and National Socialism are causing much popular nervousness in Switzerland which, with her immemorial liberties, has no use at all for the primacy of the State and the suppression of the individual, for Berlin's racial myth and Rome's intolerant dogma. If any land needs to hang out the "live and let live" sign, it is Switzerland. But it stands to reason that with Hitler and Mussolini plumb next door, infiltration of all kinds is of the easiest, and, in fact, such goes on all the time as Nazis and Fascists seek to "contact" and proselytise the German and Italian Swiss, respectively, via the customary vehicles of irredentism, underground propaganda, espionage, and infringements of the frontier—either for kidnapping or for "observation," as when a Zeppelin flies over the new Swiss fortifications.

German irredentism has made little headway, but the Italians have got a foothold, though, curiously, it is at the other end of the country, in Geneva, that the reactionaries are most active. Here they have one-tenth of the seats on the Cantonal Council and a brace of full-blown Fascist organisations, one of which I saw doing the outstretched arm only yesterday. It is these young men who on occasion boo or jeer at Union Jacks.

One way or the other, the majority of Swiss feel that they are being treated with scant respect, too much as a cypher, and they are getting tired of it. This runs equally with respect to the Communists, strongest in Zürich and Bâle but also to the fore in Geneva. It has been made illegal for State employees to be members of Communist organisations; fancy shirts and uniforms are prohibited; Berne is exercising stricter watch on the half-dozen "Red" or Nazi-Fascist press organs; yet the feel of a persistent undermining interference endures, so much so, that something entirely new, seen for the first time on any stage, has been evolved to combat matters.

This is—what I should never have thought possible—an

OLD-WORLD BASLE ASTRIDE THE RHINE: The "western gate" to Switzerland which to-day, says Ferdinand Tuohy, is a centre of considerable Communistic activity

(Continued on page 542)

WORLD AFFAIRS: The Trotsky Trial in Mexico and Other Items from Abroad

TROTSKY UNDER FIRE: *Left*—A scene in the public gallery, largely occupied by newspapermen and representatives of Communist organisations, at the semi-public inquiry held at Trotsky's home in Mexico City into the allegations made against the former Soviet leader at the recent Moscow "terrorist" trial at which so many notabilities were condemned to death. The inquiry has not been without its element of discord, and it was in the nature of a bombshell when Mr. Carleton Beals, a well-known American writer, who had been conducting Trotsky's cross-examination, resigned from the Commission on the ground that he did not consider its proceedings "a truly serious investigation of the charges." *Right*—Police on guard outside the house to prevent the entrance of unauthorised persons

FRANCO POLISH ACCORD: M. Yvon Delbos (sitting on left), France's Minister for Foreign Affairs, and M. Roman (sitting on right), Poland's Minister of Commerce, about to sign at the Ministry of Commerce, Paris, the new trade treaty negotiated between their respective countries

HOST AND HOSTESS TO THE UNWANTED WANDERER: Señor Diego Rivera, the noted Mexican artist, and his wife, Señora Rivera, who have given sanctuary to Trotsky in their home since his enforced departure from Norway and subsequent arrival in Mexico City

CRUISING AT COST PRICE: This is the latest innovation of the Nazi Government's Labour Front organisation, "Power Through Joy," which is fitting out a number of liners for trips to the Mediterranean, the Atlantic isles, and the Fjords, berths being available for applicants at a cost which brings a holiday afloat within the reach of all. Here we see the first of these vessels as she set out from the port of Hamburg, her passengers lining the deck to acclaim Chancellor Hitler, who saluted them from the gunboat moored in the foreground. *On right*—Girl workers engaged in sorting waste paper in a German factory, where it is pulped down to make new paper. An aspect of the Nazi plan to make the country independent of outside sources of supply

WHEN AEROPLANES

A MAMMOTH LANDING WHEEL, with its elaborate gear for taking the strain and its 6-ft. diameter tyre, which is being used on A.W. 27, the first of the twelve giant air liners built for Imperial Airways by Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft, Ltd., at Hamble, Southampton. The machines are designed to carry twenty-seven passengers by day and twenty at night together with a considerable cargo of mails and will be among the biggest operating a regular service in the world

record stands at 440·67 m.p.h. having been raised to this figure as long ago as October 1934 by Lt. Francesco Agello in a Macchi-Castoldi racing seaplane. In ordinary commercial operation we are as yet a long way behind this speed. Operating speeds vary between 160 and 17[illegible] m.p.h. and maximum speeds between 200 and [illegible] m.p.h. for the latest commercial machines.

As regards height the record still stands at 49,944 ft. reached by Squadron-Leader F. R. D. Swain in a specially designed Bristol monoplane in September 1936 although this record is reported to have been broken a week or two ago by an Italian pilot Colonel Mario Pezzi, flying a Caproni machine to a height of 51,361 ft. This claim has yet to be investigated

WATCHING THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THEIR OWN HAND[illegible] people of the De Havilland factory at Hatfield turned [illegible] the other day to see the first experimental flight of [illegible]

A FORECAST of the ultimate speed attainable by a man-carrying aeroplane was given by Mr. H. E. Wimperis, President of the Royal Aeronautical Society, in his presidential address recently. Mr. Wimperis, who was until lately Director of Scientific Research at the Air Ministry, definitely set the limit of an aeroplane's speed at round about 600 m.p.h. He described this limit as "nature's unclimbable fence" and defined it as the natural limit to the speed with which the air is able to get out of the way of an advancing aeroplane.

He explained: "The speed at which air can move when pushed is the same as the velocity of sound, and once the aeroplane speed approaches this boundary, it becomes more and more difficult to push away the air in front. And there is nothing we can do to increase the velocity of sound.

"When a body moves it compresses the air just in front of it, and the resulting pressure is communicated to the air farther ahead. This communication is achieved at the velocity of sound in the medium. In air of normal sea-level pressure and temperature, this velocity is 750 m.p.h. . . . In the stratosphere it is only 650 m.p.h.

"When the speed reaches this limit the air ahead cannot be 'warned' of what is coming. This leads to as many shocks as if an unlighted motor car tried to get through a crowd of deaf people on a dark night. When an aeroplane moves as fast as, or faster than, the velocity of sound, collisions with the air particles are inevitable and there will be enormous loss of energy, through conversion into heat of the resultant shock waves."

Mr. Wimperis pointed out that head resistance would be enormously increased. An aeroplane flying near the velocity of sound would need about 2,000 horse-power for every ton weight. A present-day engine of this power would require the whole of the weight allowance and none would be left for the frame of the machine and its contents, and Mr. Wimperis commented that if such speeds as these are to be attained it cannot be by means of the engine as we know it to-day.

51,361 FT.: This is the altitude record claimed by the Italian pilot Colonel Mario Pezzi who is seen here in his oxygen helmet as he was helped from his Caproni plane after his flight, which took place above Rome. If the investigation of his claim by the Fédération Aeronautique Internationale is satisfactory, he will have beaten by well over 1,000 ft. the record set up in September of last year by Squadron Leader F. R. D. Swain of the R.A.F.

He went on to explain that in fact the limit of speed is reached even more rapidly than these considerations indicate because the speed of the air just above the top of the wing is appreciably higher than the air speed of the machine itself. So that the critical boundary will be reached while the air speed of the aeroplane is still substantially below the velocity of sound. He therefore assessed the maximum possible speed of level flight with the present type of engine at over 500 and less than 600 miles an hour.

He quoted other authorities to show that a height of 61,000 ft. should be attainable in the light of present knowledge by a specially designed aeroplane, and that an aeroplane's ultimate non-stop range might be raised to 12,500 miles. Then any point on the earth could be reached from any other.

How far have we approached these limits in this year of grace 1937? The world's speed

and confirmed by the international authority, the Fédération Aeronautique Internationale.

Such record heights are a long way ahead of the everyday air line operation of to-day. The normal limit of air line flying is probably about 12,000 ft. but the trend is upward and new Boeing four-engined land planes are being built in the U.S.A. for Pan American Airways which are specially designed for high flying. Their passenger cabins and pilots' cockpits will be supercharged so that at 25,000 ft. the same pressure can be maintained inside them as at sea level. Their cruising speed at this height will be 270 m.p.h. and for limited periods they will be able to operate at greater heights.

The landplane record for distance in a straight line stands at the moment to the credit of the French pilots Codos and Rossi with a flight from New York to Rayak, Syria, a total distance of 5,654 miles made in August, 1933. The seaplane record stands to the credit of

FLY AT NEARLY 600 M.P.H.

The President of the Royal Aeronautical Society Makes a Forecast of the Ultimate in Air Speed—"Nature's Unclimbable Fence"

By C. D. PALMER

the U.S.A. with a distance of 3,280 miles. The new Boeings already referred to will have a maximum non-stop range of 4,000 miles and will be used for the North Atlantic crossing. At present the longest single stage on a regular air route is the 2,094 miles from Alameda, California, to Honolulu on the U.S.A.–Hong Kong route across the Pacific. The big Pan American Clippers fly this stage, which is also to be the first stage of the recently pioneered U.S.A.–New Zealand route, regularly each week.

Work- | monoplane they have built for transatlantic flights. It has four Gypsy 12
force | engines and a cruising speed in the neighbourhood of 200 m.p.h. The
batross | pilot's totally enclosed cockpit is situated right forward of the propellers

JAPAN MAKES STRIDES IN THE FIELD OF AVIATION: While the world has been ringing with the news of the *Divine Wind's* record-breaking flight from Tokyo to London, work has been proceeding apace at the Aircraft Institute of Tokyo Imperial University on the construction of this giant long distance plane, which it is hoped will be capable of flying 10,000 miles in eighty hours without stopping for re-fuelling. Doubtless an attempt will be made in the near future to beat the record of 5,654 miles non-stop set up by the French pilots Codos and Rossi in 1933

Our own Short Empire flying-boats will shortly be beginning trial flights over the Herring Pond. They have already flown non-stop over the 2,300 miles between Southampton and Egypt so that the 1,900 miles of the direct North Atlantic crossing should be well within their powers. The long distance record breakers such as Broadbent and Brooke and the Japanese pilot Masaki Iinuma, who flew the monoplane *Divine Wind* the 9,900 miles from Tokyo to London in 90¼ hours including all stops, have shown how aircraft can draw together the farthest corners of the world. Though commercial services may never equal the fastest record speeds over long distances these record breakers are pointing the way.

So much for the conventional aeroplane. Some engineers have retained their faith in the unconventional rotating wing machines of which the autogiro designed by the late Don Juan de la Cierva is the most familiar example. Success seems at last to be coming their way. A new rotating wing machine, at first sight

THE FLYING GNAT: Frau Kronfeld, wife of the noted German glider pilot, standing in the cockpit of the "world's cheapest plane," at the recent aviation rally held at the "Fairey" Aerodrome under the auspices of the Royal Aeronautical Society. Over a hundred different machines were on view

similar to the autogiro, was publicly demonstrated for the first time at the recent garden party given by the Royal Aeronautical Society. This Hafner gyroplane, designed by a young Austrian engineer, is controlled by a different method from the Cierva autogiro. In the Cierva machine the head or hub of the whirling rotor is tilted bodily to make the machine turn and bank and the blades adjust themselves to the required angle of incidence or attack. In the Hafner gyroplane lateral and longitudinal control is obtained by twisting the roots of the rotor blades so that the incidence of the blades is altered as they rotate.

The resulting ease of control is remarkable. The machine made jump starts from rest and was pulled straight off the ground by the whirling rotors with no forward run at all. When well clear of the ground it gathered forward speed without any tendency to sink. Once well in the air the pilot made a series of close and very steeply banked turns swooping and diving within an unexpectedly small space. Then coming right down on to the ground he continued his steep turns at full speed with one wheel running on the ground, his angle of bank being limited only by the need for allowing ground clearance for the rotors.

The demonstration was a revelation of the progress of rotating wing aircraft and showed that these machines which, compared with the conventional aeroplane are only at the beginning of their development, have made astonishing strides, and may point the way to practical realisation of the true helicopter.

A WEIGHTY HANDFUL: An aircraft apprentice, one of five thousand of the R.A.F.'s new recruits, helping to get a machine taxied round into the wind at Halton flying school. The service has need of over a thousand more of these youngsters under its big expansion programme

BOMBING AND SHELLING IN SPAIN: The Exp... Have ...

WHEN THE REBELS CAME TO EIBAR, a township lying on their line of advance to Bilbao, they found the place in the grip of fires started by the retreating Basques, so a call was instantly issued to the firemen of neighbouring San Sebastian and Irun, some of whom are depicted here, to cope with the situation. They were unable to save the greater portion of the town, partly because the main water supply had been cut off, and concentrated their attention on demolishing walls in danger of collapse

DRIVEN FROM HOUSE AND HOME: A group of refugees standing at a cross roads at Berriz, ... Durango, possibly awaiting a conveyance to take them away from the theatre of war. In the background is a typical Basque dwelling. Many of these people have

TWO MODES OF DESTRUCTION: *Left*—The main street of Eibar (the town burnt by the retreating Basques) after it had been cleared of debris by the army of occupation in order to allow the passage of supply columns. *Right*—A bombed building on the outskirts of Elqueta, showing in the background typical Basque country

AT THE BASQUE LOURDES: A priest talking to a red officer outside the grotto at Elorio, a famed place of pilgrimage and healing in Northern Spain, which has been turned into an air-raid shelter and all the treasured relics of which have been removed. No bombs have as yet fallen in the neighbourhood

CECIL GERAHTY, a journalist who has been an eyewitness of much that has passed in Spain since the outbreak of civil war last July, has recently returned to this country with the accompanying pictures which give a graphic impression of conditions on the Northern front which at the moment is the scene of the fiercest conflict. The notes beneath each picture are based on his observations and reveal the ruthlessness with which both parties are prosecuting the campaign, burning and destroying property with a wanton abandon that later will surely be bitterly regretted. The incendiarism of the Basques has been particularly marked, and each strategic retreat they have made has been preceded by the burning of every building they formerly occupied.

MADRID

MADRID no longer suffers from air raids, but ... the rather more terrifying prospect of ... shelling. The air raids have fallen off because ... Government air force in this sector is superior; ... much so that no insurgent machines have been ... over the city for nearly three months.

But the artillery bombardments continue ... interruption. Rarely has a day been missed ... beginning of April, when the Government open... offensive to clear University City of insurgent ... The offensive, which incidentally failed except ... minor advance, was only twenty-four hours old ... shells started to whistle over the city and explode ... or near that tall building, the Telefonica, which ... withstood nearly a hundred shells.

Indeed though the architects who designed ... Telefonica made a marvellous job of it, for it ... the finest building in Madrid, they also cre... gunner's paradise. A few miles out of Mad... can see it sticking up against the sky-line, ... against the bright Spanish sunlight, makes ... especially inviting to artillery

Coming along the road you might feel ... thrilled that you can see it so far away, but ... suddenly a second thought strikes you. With ... wars in view, no modern city should have ... prominent landmarks, no matter how beauti... they might ultimately aid hostile artillery or ...

No one had been killed in the Telefonica ... the time I left Madrid, though at least a ... floors have been wiped out by constant shelling ... shells have not penetrated the thick ferro-... walls, but have entered through the windows ... of the top of the building has been dinged and ... but generally speaking you would not notice ... damage unless you looked for it.

On the fourth floor were housed all the foreign ... journalists in Madrid. A few of them even slept ... so as to be at hand for telephoning London or Par... when anything important happened. Indeed ma... of the newspapermen grumbled when it was decided ... to move the press office from the Telefonica ... here they felt they would be safe. The walls ... stout; it was the strongest building in Madrid, a... if the shelling became intensive, one could alwa... retire to the roomy basement.

The shellings are actually more nerve-wracking ... the air raids were; for they last longer and ... never know when they are going to begin. W... aerial bombardment you can always hear the drone ... the attacking aircraft above traffic noises, run ... shelter in cellars or the Metro, and then wait ... is over, which is usually not for long.

But an artillery bombardment may begin at ... time, except on a cloudy day, which M... grown to welcome as a Heaven-sent blessi... Madrid traffic is noisy with the constant hooting of ... and open exhausts of engines. Thus you cannot hea...

ences of Two Eyewitnesses Who Returned from the Scene of Conflict

been homeless for months and have no knowledge of what has happened to their properties as the tide of conflict has swept on, but when they do return they will doubtless find that most of their household effects have been stolen or burnt

THE EFFECT OF BOMBING AT ELQUETA, a township lying on the main line of Franco's advance to Bilbao and in accordance with the rebel plan of campaign subjected to constant raids before its occupation. Practically every house in the place had a breach either in roof or walls, the only important building to escape being, by miraculous chance, the church. As month succeeds month and the war drags on it becomes increasingly apparent that the expense of rebuilding must seriously cripple the country financially for many a year to come

UNDER FIRE:

Day to Day Events in Spain's Capital Reveal the Differing Effects of Bombs and Shells

the whistle of an oncoming shell, which would give you time to fall flat on your face and then dive for shelter before the next one came over.

I spent only a short four weeks in the city, but on twenty-four of those days the shells came over regularly. The first thing that struck me was that few, if any, of the civilians dropped on their faces, which, of course, reduces the target you make for masonry or shell fragments flying upwards.

For the first week the shells hit mainly the north sides of the streets running east and west, and if you were on the south side (usually the shady side in the morning) you were comparatively safe. Then another insurgent battery came into operation and the streets were subjected to a cross-fire, which made getting about rather difficult. You tried to reason out geometrically how you would be safe—for you knew roughly what direction the shells were coming from—and then giving it up in despair, hopped quickly from building to building, and sought shelter in the stoutest.

The bombardment starts at various times; sometimes at night; sometimes at dawn; sometimes at 10 o'clock in the morning; but if it misses all these times, you may be sure it will begin punctually at 3.50 p.m. The reason given for this locally is that the position of the sun at this time makes it difficult to spot gun flashes. This may or may not be so; but so far no one seems to have spotted them successfully enough to silence the batteries.

It is said that these batteries, operating from the Caso de Campo, west of the city, are underground and that the guns are run out from tunnels on rails and then withdrawn after each salvo.

One morning after being shelled consistently for a fortnight, we awakened hopefully for a Government air squadron soared over Madrid to bomb the mischievous batteries out of existence. We heard the dull thuds of the bombs falling two kilometres away and were beginning to think our troubles were at an end, when a loud detonation and a smashing of glass sent us scurrying for shelter inside the stoutest of walls. And then over they came just as usual.

Peculiarly enough that was the day on which General Miaja issued instructions to the civilian population on how to behave during a bombardment. They must fall flat on their faces if shells were dropping near; they must never dally on crossings in broad streets; they must cross the street quickly and at right angles to the pavement; they should avoid the sunny sides of certain streets; if they had time they should run for shelter in a stout walled building.

I remember carrying out one of the instructions which told me to avoid the sunny side of a certain street. I had to go from the Gran Via to my destination—about fifteen minutes walk. I carefully chose the shady side, for there was intermittent shelling; and then half-way down happened to look up at the houses, which should have sheltered me. The air raids during the winter had reduced them to mere façades, which meant that the shells had an uninterrupted passage of at least 60 yards before they fell exactly where I was walking. I sprinted the last bit.

Veterans of the great war scoff at the shells being used to bombard Madrid. They are mostly 6-in. But so far as the architecture of the city is concerned, perhaps that is just as well. A shell may come through your window and only carry away your bathroom. The war veteran will argue that that is only small stuff. But the journalist in Madrid will answer that he is quite satisfied.

As it is he has found it difficult to find a comparatively safe place to stay. My first hotel is a stout building and the inside rooms from the second floor down are fairly safe. But it was hit so often that we moved to another a little farther off. There you could have hot baths. All the Britons and Americans stay there—or have up to the present—since all things are uncertain in Madrid.

It is a much flimsier building, but, although we heard the shells whistle over it day and night, it was not hit. Then one afternoon, when myself, an American woman journalist, and an American aviator were the only non-Spanish occupants at the time, the first hit was scored. It was a bathroom on the fifth floor. Five more rooms with bath shared the same fate, while we stood on the landing of the first floor discussing the inadvisability of occupying those imposing rooms with balconies which looked out on the street.

And the American aviator, who was in the Government Air Force, remarked that he wished he was back in his little single-seater fighter at the front. Then he would feel safe.

Jerome Willis

SHELLFIRE HAVOC IN MADRID: A block of houses reduced to ruins by the rebel batteries which for nearly six months have kept up a deadly cannonade. Of late no bombs have fallen on the capital owing to the superiority of the Government forces in the air, thus making it possible for them to ward off massed attacks. Shellfire is proving an increasing menace, however, as Jerome Willis, who has recently returned from the city, records in the accompanying article giving his day to day experiences

MEN OF MARK IN THE ARAB CAMPAIGN: *Left*—The Mayor of Jerusalem, Dr. Hussein Khalidi, an ardent Nationalist, about to kick off in a football match between two teams of Arab Government officials. Standing beside him is one of the rival captains, Rajai Effendi El Husseini (a nephew of the Mufti of Jerusalem), who completed his education at London University and at Columbia University, America. *Right*—His Eminence Haj Amin Effendi Husseini, the Mufti of Jerusalem, who stated the Arab case before the Royal Commission which visited the Holy Land a short while ago and has since been evolving its recommendations for the future welfare of the country. The Mufti's attitude held out little or no hope of compromise

FOOTBALL IN THE HOLY CITY: The game between two teams of Arab Government officials in progress on the ground just outside Herod's Gate. An indication of the manner in which the people, both Christians and Muslims, have taken more and more to outdoor sports as a result of British influence under the mandate

JERUSALEM ON CORONATION DAY: The High Commissioner for Palestine, General Sir Arthur Wauchope (towards left) calls for three cheers for King George after the military review held on the parade ground near Government House. Many members of the Jewish population watched the ceremony, but it was boycotted by the Arabs who nine days later, on May 21, held their own celebration in honour of the birthday of the Prophet, decorating and illuminating the streets and arranging elaborate firework displays. A café near the Jaffa Gate displayed beflagged pictures of the King of Iraq, Chancellor Hitler, and Signor Mussolini

ARABS IN CONCLAVE at one of the informal political meetings that take place in their quarter of Jerusalem every day. For months past the findings of the Royal Commission have been the subject of eager speculation

PALESTINE—THE ARAB VIEWPOINT

A People's Thwarted Aspirations

At a time when the future of Jew and Arab in Palestine is nearing the hour of momentous decision it is well, once again, to review the situation, and in this article a correspondent lately returned from the Holy Land puts forward some aspects of the Arab viewpoint as interpreted by the Mayor of Jerusalem, Dr. Hussein Effendi Khalidi. The Jewish attitude readers may remember, has frequently been the subject of articles in "The Sphere" during the twelve months

"His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object . . . ."

These words written by the late Earl Balfour to Lord Rothschild on November 2, 1917, were destined to plunge that strip of territory lying between Syria, Egypt, Trans-Jordan and Hejaz, and by reason of its great harbour on the shore of the Mediterranean, forming a link with the Gulf of Agaba—into a whirlpool from which neither political ingenuity nor armed force has been able to effect a rescue. Instead, the country that throughout the centuries has been the stage of historical tradition, whence the forces of religion first sprang, has developed into one of the most unholy centres on the map, its rural magnificence being despoiled by the destructive human agencies that for the last twenty years have established such dominion in this particular part of the Near East.

The events of 1936 fanned embers which had long been smouldering into a conflagration that has drawn our attention to Palestine as the central base for destinies of world-wide import upon which Great Britain's Imperial interests may well be said to impend in very large measure.

From all sides the question rises—what is to be the ultimate outcome of this problem fraught with complexities of the gravest type, the effects of which cannot be too highly estimated when we take into consideration the state of affairs existing in other quarters of the globe?

During a recent visit to Palestine, I had the opportunity to study this vital question which dominates the thoughts of all people residing there, causing tension that penetrates to the soul's innermost depths and creates not merely material but spiritual disturbance.

My first impression, and one that became conviction as I embarked upon a deep study of the case, is that few understand the true situation. To the majority it represents a condition of mere racial conflict. They do not attempt to probe further and discover the fundamental reasons which, under cover of the differences between the peoples concerned, contribute to "these times that try men's souls".

If we wish to pursue a different policy it is necessary to turn from the present trend of events, and allow our imagination to carry us into the hearts of the two great races who have chosen Palestine as their National Home—Jews and Arabs.

The former—a people whose destiny, from time immemorial, has been that of persecution in the various countries where they have sought shelter—looked to Palestine as wayfarers in a desert look to an oasis, and when Lord Balfour set them on the road leading to this goal, they seized the opportunity

The result of the Zionist entry into the "Promised Land" was to cloak with a new mantle the country inhabited by a race belonging in character, bearing, methods of life, ideals, and moral standards, to the soil their forefathers had tilled, and which they now cultivated in a manner that marked them as true children of nature, untouched by the polish of progress and, for the most part, unwanting Western luxury.

The Jews introduced culture, industry—all indeed that goes towards the creation of a powerful nation. At first, this could not fail to appeal to those already in possession of the land; but as Jewish immigration developed from a ratio of 7 per cent. to one of greater proportions than was ever anticipated by the Arab population, who had survived Ottoman autocracy and allied themselves with England during the great war on the understanding that independence was to be their reward—the situation changed and caused doubts which have culminated in hostility both to the Jews and to the nation that brought them to Palestine.

The Arabs, immersed in past tradition, content to advance slowly instead of accelerating the pace—naturally had qualms when they saw a people imbued with all the ultra-modern ideas, entering the land in such large numbers. They realised that if this influx continued the powerful influence of Zionism would spread throughout the country and place them in an obscure minority. Moreover, the Arab who, whatever else he may lack, has instincts that cover a wide horizon, reviewed the political significance attached to the Zionist entry into Palestine and began to draw a comparison between his territory and other neighbouring States.

(Continued on page 536)

AUSTRALIA FACES THE DEFENCE PROBLEM

Her Plans for Increasing the Army, Navy, and Air Force

GALLOP PAST: Men of the 7th Light Horse, one of Australia's crack cavalry units, at a military review held in the presence of the Governor General, Lord Gowrie, V.C. At the moment the problem of the co-ordination of the Empire's forces is being debated at the Imperial Conference and there is no doubt that each country is eager to play its part. Already Sir Archdale Parkhill has drawn up an elaborate programme of increases in Australia's armed strength

STRIPPED FOR ACTION: Australian gunners re-charging a sixty-pounder during target practice. Soldiers typical of the fine specimens of manhood on which the Commonwealth is able to draw, despite her limited population, in building up a formidable defence force

FLYING BOATS ON THE BRISBANE RIVER: Units from the Royal Air Force Squadron, Basra, lying at their anchorage on Domain Reach during a visit to Queensland. Australia is at the moment paying much attention to military aviation and it was announced at Canberra last September that the personnel of her Air Force was to be increased to slightly over 2,260

GUNNERY PRACTICE ABOARD H.M.A.S. "CANBERRA," the 10,000-ton cruiser and flagship of the Royal Australian Navy. *Above*—Officers and ratings watching the effect of fire on their target. *Right*—An anti-aircraft gun in action. As a result of recent discussions at the Imperial Conference plans for co-operation between the Royal Navy and the naval forces of the Dominions have been carried a stage further, and it is learnt that particular stress has been laid on securing adequate defence of Pacific waters, modernised Singapore being the principal base where from time to time British, Australian, and New Zealand ships will meet for combined training. A considerable expansion in the Australian Navy is foreshadowed, this including the laying down of one division of destroyers

BACK TO THE FIFTH MILLENNIUM B.C.: The latest joint expedition to the ancient site of Tepe Gawra, Iraq, organised by the University Museum of Pennsylvania University and the American Schools of Oriental Research brought to light on level 13 this acropolis dating from about the year 4300, and it is now declared to be one of the earliest examples of harmonious "town" planning ever discovered. Many other important finds were also made during the season's work

More finds at TEPE GAWRA

Remarkable Discoveries made during an American Expedition's Latest Season of Field Work in Iraq

THE world's oldest musical instruments and landscape paintings, its first dated gold and its first closed kiln—these and other discoveries adding 500 years to the earliest history of civilisation are revealed following the recent return of an archæological expedition which has just completed field work in Mesopotamia.

The expedition, sponsored jointly by the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the American Schools of Oriental Research, was headed by Dr. E. A. Speiser, professor of Semitics at Pennsylvania, and devoted the majority of its time to excavations at Tepe Gawra, in northern Iraq.

There, digging at a site discovered and first investigated by Dr. Speiser more than ten years ago, the expedition during the past season penetrated to a depth of nearly 100 ft. from the original top and completely cleared six levels containing remains of the Painted Pottery peoples who lived approximately 6,000 years ago.

In their variety and historical significance the finds made at those levels were so unexpected as to occasion the greatest thrill he had ever experienced in archæological research work according to Dr. Speiser

"It must be remembered," he pointed out, "that our previous expeditions already had dug down through twelve other levels at Tepe Gawra which took us successively through the earliest historical periods.

"With the knowledge that the thirteenth level was bringing us to the very heart of the fifth millennium B.C., we had little expectation of finding anything more than the remains of a primitive culture, skilled possibly in the making of pottery, but with only an incipient knowledge of building and with a correspondingly simple communal organisation.

"Imagine our surprise when, at this thirteenth level, dating to about 4,300 B.C., we began to uncover, brick by brick, a splendidly designed acropolis consisting of three temples, each of which was an architectural gem in itself.

"It was not enough that we had here the oldest known group of temples and the earliest example of successful and harmonious site planning ever found in the world. These temples would have been considered remarkable had they been built thousands of years later.

"They were painted red on the inside and plastered white on the outside, and their walls were subdivided with piers and pilasters such as one might expect to find in structures of the Middle Ages, but certainly not in buildings of a time when civilisation had hardly begun

"Moreover, the entire material culture of that period was in keeping with its architectural advance. The pottery showed graceful lines, splendidly painted designs, and a wonderful balance between shape and decoration

"Most remarkable of all, the painter apparently was no slave to any definite school or tradition. He might repeat a certain design several times, it is true. But inevitably he would rebel against such monotony and produce something fresh, bold in conception and executed with vigorous, daring strokes.

"Many other objects of the Painted Pottery peoples combine to bear out this estimate of their civilisation. Even in those early days music evidently boasted a well-established tradition, for beginning with level 15, dating to about 4,500 B.C., there appeared a number of shepherd's playing pipes, made of bone and constituting the oldest musical instruments known to mankind.

"Another highly important discovery was made in level 16, dating to about 4,500 B.C. Here the stratum had been yielding unusual pottery with a magnificent, porcelain-like finish which aroused considerable curiosity for a time among members of the expedition.

"Finally, however, we uncovered a building with a circular shaft seven feet deep, leading to a series of underground chambers, and when these chambers were investigated the secret of the unusual pottery was solved.

"For these chambers were closed pottery kilns, and the shaft made possible indirect firing with perfectly controlled temperatures. Thus, the Painted Pottery peoples must also be credited with another first—the construction of the earliest closed kilns thus far been found anywhere.

"Part of all the material found will be retained in Iraq as the property of the Government there. The remainder will go eventually to the United States."

WHERE THE TEPE GAWRANS GLAZED THEIR POTTERY: A 6,000 year old kiln and *(on left)* the remains of a wooden floor of one of the acropolis temples

On left— CAUSE FOR WONDERMENT: The archæologists at Tepe Gawra were astonished to discover in this temple walls subdivided with piers and pilasters; an architectural form thought to have originated at a very much later period in the world's history

POTTERY OF 6,000 YEARS AGO: A close-up *(left)* of the panel depicting scenes by the banks of the Tigris on the earthenware vase *(right)* discovered at Tepe Gawra and identified as belonging to about the year 4,000 B.C. "The vase," says Dr. Speiser, leader of the American Expedition in Iraq, "bears for decoration the earliest example of landscape painting"

BABES *at the* ZOO

JUST A WEE PAT AND DORIS: Jimmy (by Pat out of Doris), the only lion cub ever to have been hand-reared at the London Zoo, has thriven exceedingly on the bottle and now, at nearly six months old, is a fine specimen of his kind and a delight to watch with his engaging ways when he plays with the "medicine ball" (left) or indulges in any other of his host of antics. Soon his baby playfulness will give way to mature leonine dignity

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THEIR NEW QUARTERS: These two black kids have only recently arrived at Regent's Park but are settling down quickly enough and, as depicted on right, are making great friends with their keeper. Their names are Ailsa and Sula

On Left — SAFE FROM HER PLAYFUL PARENTS: Because her mother and father are inclined to use her as a football Betsy, the baby bear born at Whipsnade Zoo, has now been transferred to London where she finds life much more to her taste

THE CUP THAT CHEERS: Betsy, the exile from Whipsnade, takes a drink from her keeper, holding it with one of her paws in order to keep it steady. She is now nearly three months old and doing splendidly

(Pictures by William Davis)

"COQUETTERIE": This delicately conceived water-colour by Guillaume Sulpice Chevalier, better known as Gavarni, is one of the outstanding items in the exhibition of water colours of the French Romantic School, now drawing to a close at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street. Gavarni, who captured the Parisian spirit with such skill, was an artist of genius and sensibility, making gentle fun of his beloved Parisians without any trace of malice, despite the fact that his own private life was not without its bitterness

Delicacy In Draughtsmanship

The Art of Downman and Gavarni, the French Romantic

It is not always easy to determine the medium in which John Downman worked, but in most cases it would appear to have been charcoal which, used with a stump, would yield just the delicate effects that lend so much beauty to his drawings; the cheeks and lips of his subjects frequently bear a touch of pink tinting, and in some cases the work is heightened by the use of red and white chalk.

"YOUNG MR. NATION": One of a series of one hundred portrait drawings by John Downman A.R.A. (c.1750-1824), acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum Cambridge partly through the National Art Collections Fund

"MASTER WILLIAM WAY AND SISTER, 1779": Another example of the work of John Downman A.R.A. in the collection of drawings now in the Fitzwilliam Museum; a picture characterised by great delicacy of touch

Sunshine Days in London

MARY'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY: Flowers arriving at Marlborough House for Her Majesty on May 26 when she received congratulatory messages from all parts of the world, those from the Dominions being conveyed in person by the Prime Ministers of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. The chief celebration was a family luncheon

UNUSED TO THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT: The Duke of Kent's elder child, who will be two years old in October, being taken for his morning outing to the gardens of Belgrave Square, where he is to be seen on most fine days with his little sister, Princess Alexandra. They also spend part of their time at the Coppins, Iver, their parents' lovely Buckinghamshire home, which formerly belonged to one of King George V's sisters

WITH NO LATE FROSTS MARRING THE BLOOMS the Royal Horticultural Society's great spring show proved a bigger attraction than ever when it opened last week at the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea, silk-hatted and summer-frocked visitors thronging the beautifully laid out ornamental gardens which are the outstanding attraction of this year's display

THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE JUBILEE: Nurses leaving Buckingham Palace after the investiture held by the King in connection with the organisation's fiftieth anniversary celebrations. In deference to the ancient traditions and early monastic status of the Venerable Order of St. John the event had the nature of a religious ceremony, the investiture of the various postulants by His Majesty being effected during an interval between two parts of a brief service of prayer conducted in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace by Dr. Lang, the Archbishop of Canterbury

HEAT WAVE COMES TO TOWN: Two impressions of London life at the start of the warm spell when temperatures in the City hovered round the 80 deg. mark and there was almost continuous sunshine throughout Southern England. *Left*—A sentry of the Essex Regiment maintains his steady beat on the river front of the Tower of London, while City workers spend their lunch hour sunning themselves. *Above*—The entrance to St. Paul's was another favoured spot

THE ADELPHI AS IT IS TO-DAY, AFTER A Y

Still Picturesque Despite its Vanished Glories

AN IMPRESSION OF THE FAMOUS SITE SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY ROWLAND HILDER

EAR IN THE HANDS OF THE HOUSEBREAKERS

It is just a little over a year since the housebreakers began to demolish the stately Adam houses on Adelphi Terrace which had for so long been a pleasing feature of London's riverside architecture. In these twelve months not only the houses, linked as they were with the names of such a galaxy of notabilities, but the terrace on which they stood have disappeared for ever and, as indicated in this drawing by Rowland Hilder, work is now proceeding apace on the preparation of the foundations of the structure that is to rise on the site. There has been a certain amount of criticism by neighbouring property owners and tenants of the "weapons of demolition" employed, but it is understood that these difficulties have now been adjusted to the satisfaction of both parties. The present appearance of the Adelphi is not wholly lacking in the picturesque, and if the Reverend William Gilpin were alive to-day there is not a doubt that he would take it as a case in point to prove his theory that the broken has often as much aesthetic appeal as the perfect object; a theory he committed to paper in a fascinating essay accompanied by a wealth of illustration. It is a matter for gratification that some Adam work surrounding the demolished area still survives in the midst of these changes, but the exact nature of the changes themselves it is not easy to determine, the actual plans for development lying as they do in the strong-rooms of the London County Council building across the flowing Thames

BILLINGSGATE AND ALL THAT

Where the Harvest of the Sea Is Marketed

By CHARLES GRAVES

ALTHOUGH the fishing industry is the fifth largest in Great Britain, it is safe to say that the general public takes it so much for granted that not one person in a hundred even knows how his kipper comes to be on his breakfast plate. Actually 2,000 tons of fish are consumed every day by the public, the vast bulk of which is landed at Hull. Hull can build trawlers and flood the markets with supplies at prices with which no other centre can possibly compete. Its catches last year brought down the average value at the landing ports to 15s. a cwt., and against that figure the quality of fish cannot compete in what is now the popular market. And all along the coast the crofter fishermen who catch cod, lobster, and lemon sole are going rapidly out of business.

A visit yesterday to Billingsgate resulted in a number of intriguing statistics. Billingsgate handles over 600 tons of fish a day, and nearly double that amount on Thursdays for Friday. The fishmongers have their offices in Love Lane, Fish Street Hill, Monument Street, Lower Thames Street, and, of course, in the market itself; there are about 300 of them. In Billingsgate itself each fishmonger is a weekly tenant of the City Corporation. Despite this week-to-week lease, however, several of them go back 200 years in an unbroken line. Their tenancy is based on the number of square feet of flagstones which comprise their pitch. The rate is 9d. per sq. ft. per week.

There are 1,500 licensed porters, and another 5,000 employed as labourers and unlicensed porters. The former receive a retaining fee of 30s. a week, and are in addition paid by the retail customers at so much a package. Porterage is known as "Bobbin" and ranges between a 1¼d. to a 1½d. per box of 14 lb. The porters earn on an average £6 a week.

The box, then, is the smallest unit, the smallest of all being the 1 lb. boxes of whitebait and the 2 lb. boxes of smelts. After that they jump to the regular fourteen pounders to one hundred and forty pounders. The fish is sold by the stone and the market begins at 5 a.m. By law all the vans have to be gone by 9 a.m. The bulk of the fish comes by night train from the North. The exception is salmon, which arrives at all hours of the day from Ireland and elsewhere.

At this point I may note that the salmon from Lismore Castle, occupied by Lord Charles Cavendish (the husband of the former Adele Astaire), commands the highest price. It has averaged 2s. 9d. alb. since the beginning of the season and has made as much as 3s. 6d. a lb. This is despite the fact that if a retailer pays, say, 3s. a lb., it will cost him at least 4s. a lb. to cut it. In other words, the weight of the head and the tail and other inedible portions of the fish form a high percentage of the total volume.

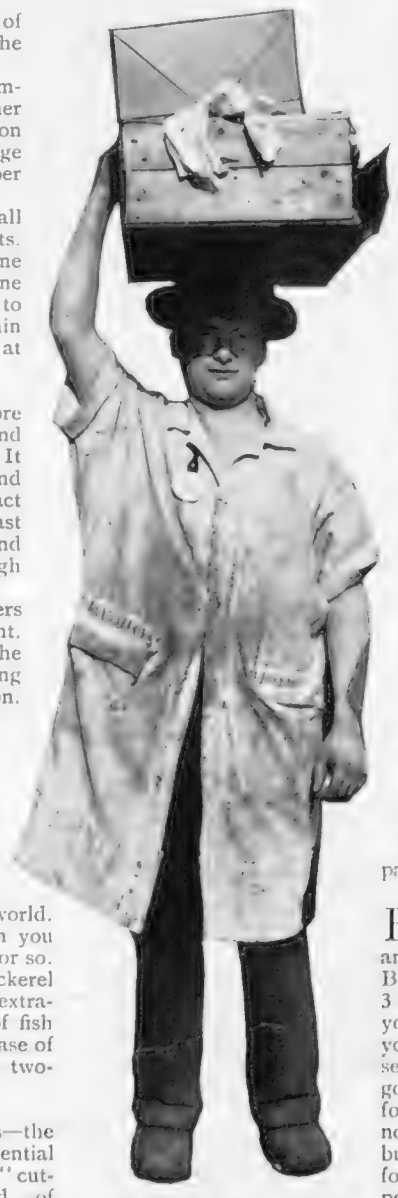
Yes, I am assured by one of the two biggest fishmongers in Great Britain that even working on a basis of 25 per cent. on turnover there is little profit for the retailer. Even if he makes 50 per cent. on his herrings, which are now just coming into season, he is lucky to make 15 per cent. on his salmon. Prices, moreover, fluctuate immensely. A rise of 100 per cent. in a week is not at all unusual. It is all a question of the law of supply and demand.

At the first sign of a heat wave the price of salmon will jump 6d. or even 1s. a pound. The price of lobsters also rises accordingly. The sale of all other fish is at once depressed. Rain and cold weather similarly cause salmon to drop in price by a third or half. Gales will increase the price of other fish by 100 per cent. in 4 days.

Operating in fish is one of the trickiest games in the world. The Stock Exchange is the only equivalent; and even then you cannot "hold" fish. It has to be got rid of within 48 hours or so. Fortunately there is a market for anything except surplus mackerel even though the market price is 2d. or 3d. a pound. An extraordinary statistic is that 50 per cent. of the total amount of fish sold each day finds its way into fried fish shops. In the case of cod—this is filleted at the port. Cod, incidentally, forms two-thirds of the total amount of white fish landed

Retail purchasers can be divided into four classes—the high-class West End shop; the middle class residential shop in places like Hampstead and Croydon, the cash "cut-away" shops at, say, Lambeth and Shoreditch; and, of course, the fried fish shops. The fishmonger himself sells all his salmon on a commission basis of 5 per cent. His requirements for hotels, restaurants, and shipping lines are bought at the port and sold in the ordinary course of business to these clients.

BUSY BILLINGSGATE: London's thronged fish market



OVERHEAD TRANSPORT: A Billingsgate porter and his load. Men engaged in this work earn an average of £6 a week

It seems that there can be fashions in fish as well as in women's clothes. Mackerel have become exceedingly unpopular. Shipping companies refuse point-blank to buy them, and even in London an extra consignment of 100 boxes of mackerel over the usual quota would be completely unsellable even at 2d. a lb. Mackerel is caught in remote places where icing is difficult and transport fees are high. They are of course dangerous fish to handle. People are afraid of being poisoned by them. The result is that only a fraction of the amount sold ten years ago is bought today. By contrast, the sale of smoked salmon has increased by 500 per cent. in two years. There are six Jewish families in London which have more or less monopolised the business. They smoke about 500 fish a day (it takes eight hours), and each weighs over 20 lb. Originally a Jewish delicacy introduced from Holland, smoked salmon can now be bought at 6d. a ¼ lb. in all the Woolworth's Stores. At most banquets it is a staple dish and the banning of the plover egg has made it the favourite hors d'œuvre. It is mostly from Canada and America. Plaice have also gone up tremendously in popularity, although they have doubled in price. They come mostly from the North Sea and Iceland.

And now for a piece of really practical information. Plaice must have sun. They are therefore at their best from now till September. This is in exact contrast to sole. Sole are like celery. They are finest after a sharp frost. In consequence, February is the best month in which to eat them. At the moment you should not touch them until the end of October at the earliest. Cod are at their best between January and April. Haddock are like plaice. They need the sun. So does the herring, which is at its best from now until the autumn

But let us take the kipper you may have had at breakfast on Thursday. It will probably have been caught on Monday morning at 4 a.m. 10 miles out to sea off the Scottish coast. Having been landed at Fraserburgh at noon, it will have been sold on the quay by public auction. The curer who bought it will have carted it to his premises, perhaps half-a-mile away where it was split and cleaned and lightly salted. Next, it was hung on a spit (a long thin rod), placed in a smoke-hold (a big wide chimney), and a fire of wood shavings, damped down, was started underneath it. Until 8 a.m. on Tuesday morning the smoke will have curled up from below. The fish was then allowed to cool and packed into a 14-lb. box and carted to the 2 p.m. train from railhead. On arrival in London before dawn it will have been taken by horse cart to Billingsgate and then offered for sale at 5 a.m., after a journey of 700 miles. Bought by the fishmonger that morning, it will have been on sale in your local fishmonger's that day, bought by your cook or housekeeper the same evening, and on your table at breakfast next morning

Haddock is caught by trawl nets in the North Sea on the Dogger Bank about 100 miles off the coast. The trawlers will have come from Grimsby, Hull, and Aberdeen, and make an 8-day voyage. So when the haddock is sold by auction on the quay it may be 3 days old, but it will still be completely fresh, having been on ice all the time. The haddock is then smoked by the same process, after having been split and "headed" and salted. It will have been smoked at night because the air is purer, packed next day, and sent by train to London at 6 p.m.

But you really ought one day to visit Billingsgate. Nothing succeeds like a small crowded market with everybody buying and selling, pushing and shoving, in a wild hurry. No wonder Billingsgate has a reputation for language. If you get up at 3 a.m. and are then jostled continuously for three or four hours you are bound to feel liverish. It is best, therefore, to pay your visit at midday when the bustle has ceased aud you can see what it is all about. Boxes of frozen salmon from Canada going out and boxes of Danish plaice coming in; conger-eel for the fried-fish shops; poor quality Iceland sprag that did not find an owner; nice North Sea turbot awaiting delivery; burly porters in their white coats and curious 6-lb. hats of fortified leather and packing, will all intrigue you. But perhaps the most remarkable sight of all is the battery of huge cauldrons two floors below the street level, where thousands of lobsters and crabs are being boiled alive by the Corporation for the retailers at a cost of 2s. a basket of 150 lb. weight. "Of course, their death is instantaneous," your guide will tell you, adding that the boiling process lasts 25 minutes.

HISTORY AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

And a Coronation Gift to the Royal United Service Institution

"A FIELD DAY OF 1829" is the historical item on the programme at this year's Royal Tournament which opened at Olympia on May 27, in the presence of the King and Queen, and will continue until June 12. This particular display, participants in which are seen above and on right, is given by the senior unit of the Territorial army, the Honourable Artillery Company: a force that is now celebrating the 400th anniversary of its incorporation by Royal Charter of King Henry VIII and in the first years of its long and useful existence acted as an officers' training corps for the London train bands, many of its members seeing service at the defence of Calais, in the Low Countries under Vere and Morgan, and at the sacking of Corunna under Drake. At Olympia a realistic bayonet charge is given and they then rally to the colours to form a square

On left—THE ROMAN LANDING IN 55 B.C.: This impression of the legionaries storming their way through the shallows to the shore is one of a number of remarkable historical dioramas which have been presented as a Coronation gift to the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, by Mr. Otto Gottstein. Most of them depict battles, Hastings, Marston Moor, Blenheim, Waterloo, and Balaclava being included in the collection, and, by reason of their accuracy of detail, are of immense educational value

On right.—THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD: Another of the striking dioramas presented to the Royal United Service Institution, depicting the historic meeting between Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France. Years of research have gone to the making of these scenes, the work having been made possible through the enthusiastic support and co-operation of research students throughout Europe who have concentrated on ensuring accuracy in such details as dress, weapons, and other equipment

Pictures by A. Console

STAGE AND SCREEN

TOOMAI ON THE AIR: Sabu, the son of one of the Maharaja of Mysore's mahouts, who plays the title role in the successful Rudyard Kipling film, *Elephant Boy*, recently went to Broadcasting House and joined in a talk given by Robert Flaherty (right), the producer of the picture. Sabu is a wonderful natural actor

THE evil fate which pursued that unfortunate couple, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and their progeny, refuses even yet to be appeased.

Every schoolboy knows what happened to the king and queen. Their elder son, afflicted with rickets, died in infancy. Their younger son, the boy-king Louis XVII, died at the age of ten in the Temple Prison after much suffering (for I am convinced that that is what did happen to him, although I should require several issues of THE SPHERE all to myself to tell you why I am convinced). Their only daughter had her dose of imprisonment, married her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, the dullest and most inefficient of husbands, spent the greater part of her life in exile, and lived out a lonely existence until 1851. She was, however, probably the happiest of that unhappy family, for she was a lemon of a woman and rather enjoyed being miserable. So much for that set of real Bourbons. The curse also extended to the pseudo-Bourbons; for most of the many people who claimed to be Louis XVII had an appalling time of it, poverty and imprisonment coming as a matter of course.

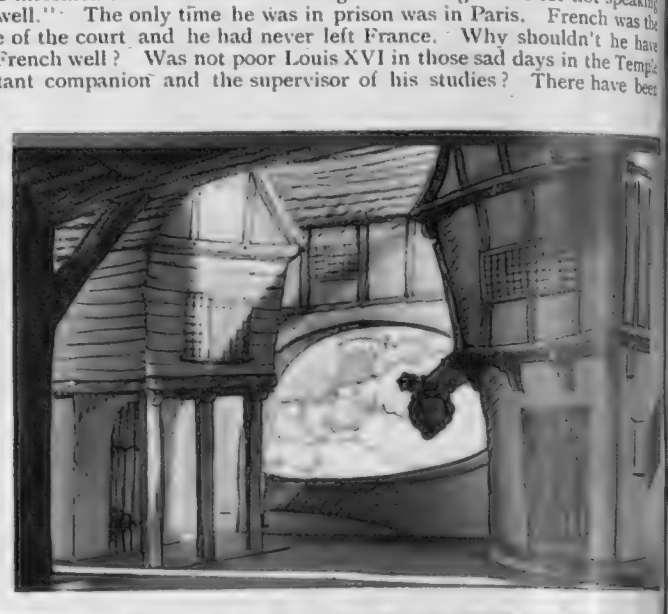
And now the curse has reached the Queen's Theatre and a stage Louis XVII; for he is the hero of quite the poorest play Mr. Emlyn Williams has written. Indeed, *He Was Born Gay* would be a disappointment had it come from an author of infinitely less distinction. I find it almost exasperating that Mr. Williams, a man of many parts in more than one sense, should have done so little with historic material of such dramatic promise.

It is odd that no dramatist has tackled the private life of Louis XVII before, since the mystery which surrounds it makes for much more excitement than the private life of Henry VIII.

In treating it, two methods can be adopted. One can either stick closely to history (possibly at the expense of theatrical interest) and thus gratify those interested in the case, who are legion. Or one can chuck history overboard and concentrate on writing an effective play. Mr. Williams has done neither—or has attempted to do both; either way he seems to me to have failed signally. If *He Was Born Gay* has a long run I shall be delighted for the sake of everyone concerned without altering one jot my opinion of it.

The author adopts the theory which is pretty prevalent, that the boy-king did not die in his Paris prison, that the boy who did die there in 1795 was a substitute. Accordingly we find him alive and well in 1815, as a music master at Dover, which, of course, is quite legitimate fiction. He is not recognised until the very end of the play and even then by only a few. But there is much talk throughout of what everybody called a "Dorfin." A comic one, a plump English vulgarian amusingly played by Mr. Frank Pettingell, is seen in the first act. Now whether or no any of the claimants was the person he claimed to be, not one of them in 1815 could be the Dauphin. The Dauphin as such ceased to exist the moment poor Louis XVI had his fat well-meaning head chopped off. So that word need not have been used in the play at all and all risk of mispronunciation avoided.

The music-master was accompanied by a girl, played by Miss Gwen Frangçon-Davies, who was referred to at least once as his sister, though the part seemed as shadowy as the relationship. If this was really meant to be Louis' sister, the historical lapse was hardly excusable. The afore-mentioned Duchesse d'Angoulême, even in the days when she was only Charles X's daughter-in-law-elect, was, like a certain other daughter-in-law-elect, "as tough as a bone, with a will of her own." Indeed, Napoleon called her "the only man of her family." So far from accompanying and mothering and generally sympathising with alleged Louis XVIIs she would not even answer their letters. She was well in with her uncle, Louis XVIII, who would have lost his throne had a Louis XVII been recognised, and she, as the wife of Louis XVIII's heir, would have lost her chance of becoming Queen of France, which she eventually was (though only for a minute or two). So much for that.



NEW SETTINGS FOR VERDI'S "FALSTAFF" AT COVENT GARDEN: The interior (*above*) and the yard (*right*) of the Garter Inn, designed by Hamish Hamilton for the new production of this three act comic opera given at the Royal Opera House last Monday, with Caniglia and Formichi in the leading roles

Another female who appeared in that first act, which was mildly farcical, was one Lady Atkyns. This was played in a vein of broad caricature by Miss Sydney Fairbrother, who had, I imagine, been requested to do so by either the author or the producer or both. Miss Fairbrother is always clever; but this modern portrait of feminine lower-middle-class comicality, rather after the fashion of one of Mr. George Belcher's drawings, was completely out of the picture. What is more, it was historically inexact, with no reason whatever for such inexactitude. Lady Atkyns existed and she was not lower-middle-class at all. She was a Walpole, a cousin of the Earl of Orford, and she married a well-known Norfolk baronet. It is true that for a time she was on the stage and made a hit at Drury Lane in boys' parts; but people of good family became actors and actresses in the eighteenth century just as they do in the twentieth, though not in such profusion.

As to the execrable French with which Miss Fairbrother managed to extract some laughs in the course of a gloomy evening, it is more than probable that the real Lady Atkyns spoke excellent French, since she lived in Paris for some years and was on intimate terms with Marie Antoinette and the Duchesse de Polignac. The late Lady Dorothy Nevill, who was also a Walpole, has something to say about Lady Atkyns in one of her books of memoirs.

Mr. John Gielgud brought all his charm and Byronic appearance to bear on poor Louis, and he swallowed poison in the last act with regal dignity. Possibly there was some latent irony in the fact that the poison was handed to him by the author himself—very sinister as one of the spies of Louis XVIII, who had every reason for bumping off "Dorfins."

But not before he had had a great deal to say. Some of this was just fine writing, which can usually be relied upon to ruin any play. Because Mr. Gielgud was here invested with the royal purple—at least figuratively—he was given purple patch after purple patch which retarded any little action the play had, and gave those of us who merely wanted both the actor and the author (who are co-producers) to get on with it, to grow puce with impatience.

At one moment somebody says to Louis "You have never talked like this before." No real person, not even a real Dauphin (or, for that matter, a false one either) ever talked like that at any time. "You've dug my grave with naked hands and brought my rotting bones to light" is one of the least fanciful flights, which proves that this Bourbon, so far from being in the family tradition of learning nothing and forgetting nothing had managed to absorb a large measure of theatrical fustian without forgetting a word of it.

At other times Louis was even more mysterious than circumstances demand. We were informed that he had said to his gaoler "Forgive me for not speaking French well." The only time he was in prison was in Paris. French was the language of the court and he had never left France. Why shouldn't he have spoken French well? Was not poor Louis XVI in those sad days in the Temple his constant companion and the supervisor of his studies? There have been

PRELUDE TO THE "GRAND DUCHESS": This attractive backcloth before which the drummer girls are playing is an outstanding feature of the settings for the Offenbach operetta which has been delighting the audiences at Daly's

"STORM IN A TEACUP," that rollicking farce by adapted to the English stage with such skill, have its première at the Leicester Square People's Dispensary for Sick Animals: a particu the fact that a dog is really the central figure Leigh as Victoria, Cecil Parker as the Fro

Emlyn Williams Falls Between Two Stools in his Louis XVII Play—John Gielgud's Purple Patches: The Scenery at Covent Garden

By PHILIP PAGE

HISTORICAL POT POURRI: Jacqueline Delubac as Mary Stuart (*above*), and Lyn Harding as Henry VIII (*right*) in *The Crown Pearls*, a new French film starring Sacha Guitry and having as its theme the fate of three royal jewels as they passed from hand to hand through the centuries. Many famous people figure in the picture, including Pope Clement VII, Queen Elizabeth, Josephine de Beauharnais, ill-starred consort of Napoleon I, Barras the revolutionary, Napoleon III, and Queen Victoria

Kings of England who could not speak English, but we do know that this King of France spoke French. And, for no other reason, apparently, than that of throwing in another little error just for luck, Louis refers to his father as "King of the French". He was not. There was only one King of the French and his name was Louis Philippe; he called himself that because he thought it sounded more democratic but was kicked off his throne just the same.

An inexplicable character in this inexplicable piece is played by Miss Carol Goodner, a professional pilot of claimants on the ground that there is money in the job. Having picked a dud in Mr. Pettingell's "Mr. Leroy" she switched to Mr. Gielgud, and was very angry with him for committing suicide. Miss Goodner has poise and beauty and there were tantalising moments when she suggested that she was on the very point of being extraordinarily good in some powerful scene. Alas, she was, like the play itself, a case of a promising subject wasted. She was no less decorative than Motley's costumes or Mozart's music. But there was so little worth the decorating.

"Pelléas et Mélisande."—Debussy's rarely beautiful (and still more rarely heard) music-drama *Pelléas et Mélisande*, was given at Covent Garden last week "in conjunction"—I quote the programme—"with the Théâtre des Champs Elysées."

Now this is a work of such delicate and exquisite loveliness, that I for one would welcome a performance in any circumstances. But the sooner that Parisian conjunction is severed, at least in the matter of scenery, the better for Covent Garden's reputation as a theatre where the spectacle is often more than adequate and usually very fine indeed. The old habit of sneering at Covent Garden scenery dies as hard as the tradition that every operatic tenor and soprano is hideous, fat, and unable to act. Yet die it is, and the perfect new *Ring* scenery and this year's *Carmen* have done much to hasten its death.

But this *Pelléas* stuff, which has been designed by one Bilinsky, and has come over from Paris, is the worst scenery I have ever seen at Covent Garden, where I have been a constant visitor for a good many years.

Let it be admitted that Debussy's work is a thing of half-tones, of pastel shades, and perhaps even a trifle "arty and crafty." That is not, however, any justification for wretched scraps of painted canvas stuck about anyhow. Still less excuse is there for deliberately disregarding the composer's instructions. Mélisandé in the loveliest scene of all is supposed to be revealed at a window high up in her stone tower, combing out her hair. The poor soul was dumped in a little contraption of blue cloth, which looked as if it had been hired from a Punch and Judy show.

Again, after Pelléas has been taken by Golaud to the dark and noisome vaults of the castle, he enters immediately afterwards a scene which should be flooded with light by way of contrast; the music demands this and he sings of the joy of being in the open air again and of being able to smell the flowers. Yet we find him against a background of gloomy stone walls, still in semi-darkness. Why be pig-headedly wrong? Or was this just ignorance?

I must make a final protest at the neglect in this production of one of the largest stages in the world. When Debussy writes in the score at the head of one of his scenes "A fountain in a park," we may presume that that is what he wants. Since this stage is almost as big as some parks, why not use the whole of it, instead of a fraction, which made it seem as if Pelléas and Mélisande were doing their love-making in a tiny cave? That would possibly have been a more tactful course on their part.

In spite of these considerable handicaps, to which must be added that of ludicrously insufficient lighting, the performance was a good one. M. Albert Wolff is an ideal conductor for Debussy, and does not overdo the mysticism; the composer's tendency is to understate, which is a good reason for not obscuring what he does have to say. The Mélisande of (the English) Madame Lisa Perli will remain one of my cherished operatic memories. She looks the part, she is a graceful actress, and her voice has just the right quality of girlish freshness. M. Gaudin's Pelléas was a romantic and Romeo-like figure—a veritable John Gielgud of opera—and he sings well. If M. Vanni-Marcoux's voice has lost some of its resonance he is still a master of the art of singing.

Mlle Denié played Le Petit Yniold charmingly; should she not be available for future performances I feel certain that the versatile and indefatigable M. Octave Dua will be ready to step into the breach.

HOLBEIN PAINTS THE PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII: M. Craven in the part of the renowned artist in the new French film, *The Crown Pearls*, which, while not strictly accurate in its story, brings to the screen many of the great characters of history. *Right*—Raymonde Allain makes a delightful Eugenie, the consort of Napoleon III

Bruno Frank which James Bridie has now been screened and will Theatre on June 7 in aid of the larly appropriate charity in view of in the picture. Here we see Vivien vost, and Ursula Jeans, as Lisbet

"IT WAS THE RAINBOW GAVE THEE BIRTH AND LEFT THEE ALL HER LOVELY HUES": A parent kingfisher after alighting on a bough near her nesting hole and within 3 ft. of the concealed camera that took this picture. The bird by her attitude would seem to suspect the presence of an intruder

ALONE 'MID A WASTE OF WATERS: A fine brood of young kingfishers perched on two stones in a West Country river where they were placed by the photographer before he returned them to their nest. At this time they were about twelve days old, their feathers just beginning to break through the quills

THE GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER FEEDS HER YOUNG: Passing a dainty morsel into the nesting hole for the fledglings. When making her approach she flies to a point on the tree about 10 ft. above the hole and then hops down the trunk tail first

A WHITE BLACKBIRD'S NEST in a wood at Westerham, Kent, with one of the four eggs hatched out. The minute the intruding cameraman had departed the anxious mother bird returned to finish the work of bringing her offspring into being

Supreme Songster IN NATURE'S CHOIR

The Blackbird Leads the Summer Orchestra

THE English countryside will very soon be approaching the height of its fresh young glory, that glory so long awaited, and now fulfilling so prodigally and even perhaps surpassing all expectation. And, amidst all this profusion of loveliness, in his own appropriate setting of leaf and flower in their full perfection, is the greatest of our bird singers; one who stands alone and unrivalled as the leader in the orchestra of birdland, the blackbird.

He is dressed for his part with a charming nicety, in gleaming black satin; and his beak is as richly yellow as a daffodil. Here, where the trees rise amongst a wilderness of green, fresh with the fine freshness of this belated season, tall grasses about their feet, where the whole width of the meadow is flushed with a thousand blossoms whose myriad colours and perfumes deliciously and bewilderingly intermingle—all this beneath a sun of gold and sky of sapphire, here is the blackbird's own particular haunt; a certain stretch of land which he has acquired for himself and for his mate, and which he most closely and jealously guards. Fierce fights and many has he fought to gain this property of his. And now, victory at length attained, the pair of birds reign here supreme; and under no circumstances will they tolerate an intruder, of their own species, about these grounds. Should such an intruder appear upon the scene, he or she is pursued with no more ado, and forced into a hurried retreat.

AT this time of the year there are numerous domestic duties to be attended to; the claims of a family are very insistent; and the blackbird untiringly complies with all these duties, looking after the well-being of his wife and children with tender forethought. He is of a faithful and an affectionate nature. He mates for life and, as each season comes round once more, the husband and wife with assiduous care devote themselves to their youthful brood until these are of an age to fend for themselves and find their own way about the world. But with all this, and there is no neglecting of his home affairs, he never forgets that precious possession of his, the great gift of song. Nor the fact that he, and his golden voice, are paramount in Nature's choir, and as such are indispensable in the flowered sequence of these spring and summer hours.

This, then, is the blackbird's haunt. And here, in the close-knit brake is where his wife, slipping noiselessly about her work, has busied herself in the construction of their home. In her colour scheme she is somewhat like a soft shadow. Her attire is of shaded brown velvet and, except when she is in movement, she may easily pass without notice unless under keen observation.

The nest has been placed in a truly well-chosen spot, in the very heart of the brake, with trails of fiercely aggressive brambles all about it. A needful precaution against danger and a defence against any marauder.

There is need for a stronger protection for the blackbird and the thrush, for many reasons. As far as mankind is concerned the two chief reasons are these. Throughout the whole year both the blackbird and the thrush are continuously engaged in the destruction of untold hordes of those very same pests which man is seeking, so often unavailingly, to destroy by artificial means.

AMONGST these pests, the insidious weevil alone, by its depredations, caused a loss of £500 in one single season in the orchards and gardens of a certain English fruit-grower. This may serve to illustrate what destruction is inflicted by these plagues. And unceasingly the blackbird and the thrush are feeding themselves, and in due course of time their young ones also, upon this same fare, upon weevils and wireworm, caterpillars, slugs, and snails, insects and endless other pests.

During a very short space in the year fruit may be mingled with this grub and insect diet. This is frequently due to thirst. For water—a dire necessity—is often very hard to come by at that period; and, unless this same water is provided by some thoughtful hand, the birds suffer severely, and are hard put to it to quench the pangs of thirst.

There is a tale which here is brought to mind, a true one, be it said. It is told of a certain dweller in the countryside, a just-minded man, who was asked why some few of his fruit trees and bushes were left free, these being neither enclosed nor protected in any way. To the question he made this reply: "The fruit upon those trees and bushes are the wages of my orchestra—the salaries of my choir." And thus it is that the claims for protection of both of these birds should with justice be recognised, both for the value of their services to mankind and the pleasures of their music.

Muriel W. Haywood

SUMMER WEEK-END

LIFE must be comparatively simple, so far as clothes are concerned, for those people who live in the country and never come up to town, or for those who live in town and never go away for holidays. But for the majority of us it is considerably complicated by the fact that we dash off at week-ends, and spend them in such divers ways, that the cost of our leisure clothes, compared with the more serious items in our wardrobes, is apt to be disproportionate.

Of course, it is not nearly so difficult now as it was a few years ago, because different times inspire dress designers to make different types of dresses, and in consequence one can now find the most charming double or treble-duty outfits.

Let's suppose you like dashing off to the country. Inevitably you won't want to take very much with you. You'll be driving down so you'll need one tailored sports dress. Suggestions: a pale blue one in a heavy sports crepe, with sufficient movement in the skirt to make it comfortable for walking, and with a V neck into which you can tuck contrasting coloured scarves to match your belt and shoes. Have one in royal blue, another in a soft cerise, and a third in pale yellow. Over it wear a loose blue flannel coat, full length, and very trim.

Alternatively, get a peach coloured dress to wear with a tomato coloured coat, or a yellow dress with a brown. For formal occasions, reverse all these shades, and have light coloured jackets over deeper dresses. You can with equal success do the same thing in the country, but it is perhaps less practical. You are almost certain already to have a camel-hair coat, so we won't add that to our list, though it is definitely a necessity. It will travel good-naturedly under any conditions and is a most faithful friend.

When the weather is cool, take a suit instead of the dress. If you have any odd and beloved skirts get checked or contrasting coloured jackets, waisted, and reaching just to the hip, and make one such jacket accompany several skirts. If you are too short for such contrasts, choose blue or grey flannel.

Delightfully cool and practical, this Tricoton skirt is worn with a dark jumper, knitted in Tricoton and embroidered with the gayest of field flowers. Add the little Juliet cap and you have an outfit which has all the cachet of a famous French house

Another news item for the needlewoman. A flat and very demure hat of black felt trimmed with great originality with high loops of felt and white lace crocheted to match the collar. It is a model by Violette Marsan

Again a summer suit in Tricoton, this time with a plain skirt knitted in a honeycomb pattern and a jumper striped in navy and white and fastened down the front with a row of link buttons. For holiday wear nothing remains so fresh as a knitted cotton dress or suit, and certainly nothing is more fun to make

You'll be comfortable in a pair of slacks—navy, grey, or brown—and the little shirts that go with them are so inexpensive that you can have as many as you like. If your figure is the sort that looks well in them, have a pair of shorts as well, for they induce a grand holiday feeling, though they are not too kind to those whom the gnats love.

For the rest, choose a dinner dress that depends more on easy distinction than on highlights, for it will then see you safely through two or three seasons. This really is the essence of successful week-end clothes: that they shall last more than one summer and that you shall not grow tired of them because they have to go on for a long time. To buy for just one year is recklessly extravagant, since nobody can prophesy how long or how short an English summer may be. The whole art is to weed out things from one's everyday wardrobe and fit them in with new details so that holiday clothes remain, financially, pleasing incidentals.

Your headgear must be decided according to your type. If you like going without a hat, that's fine. If your hair becomes a nuisance and you can tie a scarf over your head, peasant-wise, that's equally good. And if you are not happy without a proper hat, get one in a rustic straw tied with a wide petersham ribbon.

If you are a tennis enthusiast you will find that a shirt-waist and shorts cut in one are grand to play in, and that they will act gracefully as a play suit when you are frolicking about the garden. If golf is your game, add a linen culotte, for if it is well cut the divided skirt will not be noticeable except in action, and it is both workmanlike and comfortable.

Those for whom the sea is the ultimate goal will find the same basic items indispensable, with the addition of a beach suit—sun-top and slacks cut in one, or demure shirt and shorts, also cut in one—with a matching coat-dress, buttoned all down the front. Have one in gay printed cotton, and another in spotted silk. Or if you prefer tailored flannel shorts, see that you have a skirt to go with them. All these things are inexpensive. You can get delightful play-suits and skirts in pique or printed cotton for 30s. and charmingly cool looking white pique shorts and shirt, cut in one, for as little as 13s. If you prefer it you can have a long printed cotton beach wrap which reaches your heels and, when it is not on duty, acts with great *éclat* as a dressing-gown.

Make the most of colours, and don't be frightened of accessories. The more amusing they are the better with plain frocks, and the more unusual your combinations of colour the better the effect. Unless your taste is really conservative don't choose matching cardigans and jumpers. It is more chic to evolve a clever contrast, and it is more economical, since there are always half-a-dozen different shades that will go with one strongly-defined colour.

Pay great attention to your belts and to your handkerchiefs, for they can often provide all the uplift that is necessary in a depressed wardrobe.

Above all, be sure that you look casual. Romantically so if you can manage it, but if you are of an incorrigibly tidy type achieve a carefree effect through the complete and almost childish simplicity of all your clothes.

BLOSSOM TIME IN ENGLAND: A may tree covered with masses of fragrant white blossom and making a vivid contrast with the deep green foliage of the elms. A scene on the Colchester-Clacton road

MODERN CARS MAKE BAD DRIVERS

Reliability and Ease of Control Tend Towards Carelessness on the Road

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

BEFORE the war and immediately after it the standard of driving was, in my opinion, much higher than it is to-day. This verdict has been arrived at after making due allowances for the difference in traffic density and in road surfaces. I have given a little thought towards trying to find out why there should be such a difference in these standards, and I have come to the conclusion that the average driver to-day has much less mechanical knowledge than the earlier motorist and has had little education, if any at all, on such subjects as physics and mechanics. This, of course, is not surprising. In the earlier days the majority of motorists were enthusiasts and as such probably dabbled in one or more branches of engineering for fun. But, to-day, when everyone is a motorist the average driver merely knows how to steer, start the engine, and apply the brakes. I do not think that this average motorist has the faintest idea of the meaning of momentum, inertia, or centrifugal force.

Anyone who studies driving on the roads to-day will realise that what I have said is true. We have all seen drivers go round bends at speeds which simply court disaster. Likewise they will dodge in and out in traffic at speeds which should certainly send them into a skid, but what is even more surprising is that they carry on in the same way at the same absurd speeds when the roads are wet. When I watch this sort of driving I begin to feel that the age of miracles has not passed, and certainly if it were not for the extraordinarily efficient tyre tread that we have to-day, thanks chiefly to the great firm of Dunlops, these mad-hats of motorists would spend most of their time in hospital.

I am rather inclined to think that it might be for the general good if new drivers, when they are put through their tests were given a few lessons on the laws of adhesion, friction, centrifugal force, momentum, and inertia. To most of us it seems almost incredible that people do exist who have no knowledge whatever of these subjects. Unfortunately, they do not wear a pink hat, a red-spotted tie, or a gaudy muffler to distinguish them. As a matter of fact they are everywhere and it is quite possible that whilst you are reading these words of mine there is one beside you.

Not so long ago I remember a cousin of mine being taught how to drive. Her instructor nearly died of nerves because when she came to a corner she immediately stamped her foot on the accelerator pedal, and when the instructor politely suggested that a corner should be taken more slowly she was quite annoyed. She argued that going round a corner tended to slow the car down and that in order to counteract that tendency the engine must be given more gas, otherwise there was grave possibility that the car would come to a standstill!

Many years ago I advocated in these notes of mine that some manufacturer should turn his attention to the production of a car having a much smaller engine than the popular 7-h.p. power unit which we have to-day. Whether any maker in this country has devoted any time to this subject I am not in a position to say but I do know that no British car having a small engine such as I suggest has made its public appearance.

When the Austin Seven was brought into being many years ago it was almost laughed at because the average individual did not realise that so small an engine could pull even one person about on four wheels at speeds above 30 m.p.h. To-day we all know the colossal speeds which have been obtained by the wonderful M.G. and Austin Seven cars. But they did not go quite so fast when they were first introduced. Engine design, however, has progressed so rapidly due, in a large measure, to the beneficial effects of motor racing that to-day an engine of 500 cc., would, in my opinion, be well able to give the same performance to a car as was associated with the Austin Seven when it first came out.

THE COTTAGE AND THE CAR: An Austin Ascot de luxe beside a picturesque old-world cottage set in the Vale of Evesham. Austin dependability makes it the choice of millions who use it both for business and pleasure

To prove that I am not talking through my hat and only flying through the realms of fancy, I have just received official notification that a car with a 4-cylinder engine well under 500 cc., has travelled at 88 m.p.h. over a distance of 10 miles. With these figures in front of me I am not at all certain that 500 cc. is not erring on the large size and that the power unit of the new baby car might well be a third of a litre job.

In January I registered in these notes that I had become the owner of a new 25–30-h.p. Rolls-Royce. I refrained from saying very much about it at that time because I had not covered many miles. The speedometer now shows me that 6,500 miles have passed beneath the wheels and so I have had time to form a considered judgment as to its merits. The last time I took delivery of a Rolls-Royce was in 1934. Actually there has been an interval of approximately two-and-a-half years between the delivery dates of the two cars. When one drives the latest Rolls it is practically an impossible task to pick out any detail that could be improved upon, and that task was just as impossible in 1934 as it is to-day; yet in the interval which I have mentioned the famous Derby firm have, in my humble opinion, produced an entirely different motor car. The 25–30-h.p. model to-day is streets ahead of its 1934 counterpart. I am not alluding in any way to the increased acceleration which was obviously easy to obtain by increasing the size of the engine.

The present car does not give its occupants the sensation of being on a road at all. This sensation was to me very noticeable in the large Phantom III, but the makers have been able to reproduce it in this 25–30 h.p. car. Then, again, the steering and the controls are quite different from, and show a tremendous improvement on what we thought in 1934 was perfect. The particular car that I have has the new type of controls on the steering wheel which are very like those fitted to the 3½- and 4½-litre Bentleys. The arrangement is much neater and, incidentally, simpler than the old design. The car appears to me more solid than before, and with the shock-absorber control I find that it is extremely steady on corners. The engine, apart from its increased size, has been altered considerably in outward appearance.

To commence with, the spare magneto has been replaced by a second standby coil, which is already in position and can be put into service by changing over a few wires. The autovac petrol tank which was such an important part on my previous Rolls-Royce is now replaced by twin-petrol pumps, and I might mention that these can be tested separately while driving to make quite certain that each is performing its allotted task. The air-intake silencer and cleaner is as long as the engine itself and the carburettor, which is now placed on the near-side of the car, is of the down-draught type and is of completely new design. It gives much easier starting on cold mornings, and appears to me to be a completely trouble-free instrument. Placing the carburettor on the near-side leaves the off-side of the engine much cleaner than before, and as the plugs are situated on this side they are now wonderfully accessible.

The lever which operates the turning on and off of the lamps is in one position a master-switch, and cuts all the electrical circuits off except that which operates the electrical clock.

SCOTTISH ENTERPRISE: A new bridge under construction over the River Clyde at Crawford, Lanarkshire, which, when completed, will have cost £50,000 and is to replace the old Telford Bridge and, with the section of new road which is also being made, will eliminate a very dangerous double bend on the main Glasgow-Carlisle road

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS: *Reviewed by* VERNON FANE

STILL AN ENIGMA: The late T. E. Lawrence of Arabia whose name passed into legend while he still lived, and whose true character remains as much a mystery as ever despite the praiseworthy efforts of eighty of his friends in writing of him as they knew him for the book of essays (Cape. 15s.) which has been edited by A. W. Lawrence. See review in this column

THE little man who called himself T. E. Shaw was, of a set purpose, elusive. It was a quality which the world, which likes to see its heroes plain, found baffling. When the bickering and the tumult of Versailles had died, and the captains and the king-makers had departed to receive their glittering prizes, one among the conquerors was found not to be present. It was rumoured that Colonel Lawrence had refused both great office and signal honours. It was reported that he had disappeared—no one knew where. Stimulated by these rumours, his Arabian campaign became a post-war nine days' wonder in the hands of a professional lecturer. The legend of Lawrence of Arabia was born. He sought escape in the personality of Aircraftman J. H. Ross, only to be driven from that anonymity out of the employment he sought, and into the ranks of the Tank Corps. Someone with wisdom and understanding found him a place again in the Royal Air Force, where he sought to be left alone in the character of Aircraftman T. E. Shaw.

What can the friends of T. E. Lawrence and of J. H. Ross add to the knowledge of those who knew T. E. Shaw? The answer has been attempted in **T. E. LAWRENCE: BY HIS FRIENDS** (Cape. 15s.). The book is in the form of essays in personal reminiscence by about eighty of his friends, each of whom was asked by the editor, Mr. A. W. Lawrence, to write of Lawrence as he knew him. Numbered among these are distinguished soldiers, statesmen, pro-consuls, men of letters, artists, dons, schoolmasters, as well as some of the men who served with him in the ranks. Some are very remarkable tributes, more especially from those in comparatively humble circumstances. Surprisingly, the men of letters do not shine in the collection.

Himself a man of action, his greatest exploits having been achieved with other material, Lawrence had, or professed to have, an exaggerated veneration for creative artists. He sat at their feet; he flattered them, and appeared persistently to be unaware that he himself was the author of a great prose work. The elusive quality to which I have referred was presented perhaps most effectively to those of his friends engaged in literature and the arts. Perhaps that is why they did not see him clearly: perhaps that is why some saw impishness; others stressed his perpetual giggle; while phrases like "Lawrence was not so much an Arab as a street arab" crop up.

The soldiers, having less reason for a strong dose of ego in their make-up, were inclined to take him more seriously, and at a valuation where they do not stint his great powers as a leader, and his mastery of military science. One pregnant phrase in Lord Allenby's remarkable tribute is that "Lawrence was under my command, but, after acquainting him with my strategical plan, I gave him a free hand".

Upon finishing this book the general impression remains that, in spite of the loving labour of the many friends who have compiled it, Lawrence remains as elusive and just as much an enigma as ever. One fact emerges—and I have not seen it mentioned elsewhere—and that is that he had the gift of mastering anything and everything he chose to tackle; and, having mastered it in the sense that no expert in that particular subject could teach him anything more, he added something of his own to it. He did it in literature, in military science; he did it with the internal combustion engine, in the science of aqua-dynamics; and he even caused a mild revolution in the passive ranks of those engaged in book production.

To whatever he touched he imparted a vital and dynamic force of his own; and through it all the man himself managed to remain aloof; was able to retire into that inmost self where, and now I feel certain, none has penetrated. He was perhaps a man born before his time. Certainly he was unlike anybody the world of our day has ever seen.

He would have been annoyed at this and at other posthumous works upon him as he was by the incursions into his private life of a prying world during his lifetime. All the same, I think it might have amused him to see how, in writing about him, these eighty odd friends and intimates have so successfully written about themselves.

Since *All Quiet on the Western Front*, that best-seller of best-sellers, Herr Erich Maria Remarque has had only one book translated into English. Now comes his new, long novel **THREE COMRADES** (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) which will, I prophesy, enjoy very great popularity purely on its own merits and not as a successor to that famous war book.

The three friends of Herr Remarque's story date their comradeship from the war, where they met and fraternised in the trenches. At the time in which the novel is set, after the inflation, they are running a garage together and making occasional but spectacular deals in second-hand motor cars. These deals, in fact, and the ingenuity that plans them, make an effective counterplay of humour in a novel that is in essence an unhappy love story.

For however much the author, and the publishers on his behalf, may protest that this book is a study in post-war depression in Germany, it remains no more and no less than an excellently told story of one man's love for a beautiful girl who dies of consumption. And the consumptive heroine is surely reminiscent of an earlier tradition than the author's.

Lenz, Koster, and Robert, the young men whose story it is, enjoy a friendship which Herr Remarque is particularly successful in conveying. They are in fact "one for all and all for one," though their affection is unspoken and never sentimentalised. It is the *Freundschaft* of which some types of German seem to hold the secret, the true comradeship of men on their own.

The photographic clarity of Herr Remarque's writing, one of the reasons for the immense success of *All Quiet*, is as vivid as ever, and the same sympathetic insight of the mind of the ordinary man. All the little things of life, the chance meetings, the meals, the evenings in a café, are described delightfully, and the lesser characters in the story are drawn with fresh and exact observation. Each detail of their existence is interesting because it is there for a purpose and not as part of a cumulative effect. Here is realism, but realism with restraint and point.

(Continued on page 534)

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 532)

I thoroughly enjoyed it, and I can recommend it to everyone who might appreciate an excellent long novel, natural and imaginative.

A small American town in the middle West seems an unlikely scene for a war book. America was fairly distant from the last war, one would have thought, but apparently not far enough to escape the animosities and suspicions that poisoned even home lives at that time. NIGHT OUTLASTS THE WHIPPOORWILL (Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.) has Brailsford Junction as a background, a little place in which only a few families were affected directly by the war and by its recruiting.

Nevertheless the war soon had its effect. Brailsford Junction had a large German population, in common with the far larger city of Milwaukee, and these unhappy people soon were objects of suspicion, potential spies, and, it was rumoured, worse. The Kaiser family—William Kaiser, the fat, benevolent butcher, and his pretty daughter Gretchen were the focussing point for this hatred. Kaiser's shop was boycotted and he committed suicide, but not before he had been savagely thrashed by some patriotic fellow-citizens.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY PEPYS: The Earl of Cottenham, the present head of the Pepys family and a descendant of the great diarist, has written a personal diary of his recent visit to the United States under the title of *Mine Host America* (Collins. 16s.). At the moment he is engaged on a biography of the late Sir Henry Segrave, for whom he at one time acted as a reserve driver

In the tumult of hot-headed war excitement in the town there were only one or two calm and dissentient voices. One belonged to Christopher Ellingsworth, the young son of the wealthiest man in the town, who was also one of the leaders of anti-German feeling. Christopher was in sympathy with his father over no single point. He loved Gretchen, respected many of her countryfolk, and hated and fought against the wave of senseless brutality which, with patriotism as its excuse, was sweeping through the town.

Christopher, in fact, is not only the hero of Mr. Sterling North's book, but the representative type of the youth who are growing up to realise now that the fight for peace is as courageous as the fight for victory in war. With this conviction Mr. North has written a deliberately propagandist novel, which is remarkable for being at the same time a good story, told with restraint and imagination. Gretchen alone seems unworthy of the part the author gives her to play; a tiresome little girl, and not even her obvious prettiness makes up for her singular lack of charm.

The gentlest of legends, written by a Dominican nun, is among this week's list of books. BROTHER PETROC'S RETURN (Chatto & Windus. 6s.) is the story of a monk in the Benedictine order, who died in his Cornish monastery in 1549. In 1929, when his tomb was opened in the presence of the Prior and the Abbot, he was found to be alive and recovering from a trance which left him a very frail and bewildered man.

Petroc finds an unfamiliar world in which only the monastery ritual recalls his old life, and where the rapid, strident progress of the countryside leaves him frightened and immeasurably lonely.

The author does not take advantage of the obvious and easy contrasts that were to be made between the everyday lives of the two periods, and the revelations that Petroc might have made. Her interest, and the story's focus is in the spiritual changes that 400 years have made. It is a book by itself in the matter of its content, and in its style, economical, curiously pictorial with the fewest words possible, and genuinely moving.

Mr. W. R. Burnett is, as we remember, chiefly the exponent of the tough-guy school of American fiction, and his field has ranged from gangsterdom to pugilists and dog-racing racketeers. This time he turns to politics and SIX DAYS' GRACE (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a study of a governor of Ohio, standing for re-election against a Radical opponent.

The story starts with a bang in the hectic atmosphere of the last two days of the election. Read Cole conducts the campaign with a ruthlessness and cynicism worthy of those hard-fisted gentlemen of whom he is a prototype. There are meetings, conferences, hurried interviews, dramatic announcements, riots, bloodshed and sudden death, but there is also the element of his own private life, which involves his two children, his *fiancée*, and a rather squalid affair which he dangerously keeps going.

The high point of the book is reached when he decides to "throw a scare into the ordinary voter," being completely indifferent to its consequences. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has writtten a more ambitious work on this particular theme but although it happens to be little more than a part of Mr. Burnett's *deus ex machina*, and although Mr. Burnett is more concerned to portray individuals caught in a dangerous political machine, it is yet another example of how easily a working democracy could be stampeded into Fascism.

Mr. Burnett could not be dull if he tried, but in attempting to balance the sympathies in this novel he has sacrificed some of the bite of reality which others of his characters have displayed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PHILIP ALLAN.—A Bird Lover's Britain. By C. K. Yeats. Illustrated. 15s. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—The Nile in Egypt. By Emil Ludwig. Illustrated. 16s. ANGUS & ROBERTSON.—Contract Kernels Up to Date. By Myra Millingen. 3s. 6d. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY.—Pattern of Three. By Mary Hastings Bradley. 7s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER.—Grey Steel: J. C. Smuts. By H. C. Armstrong. Illustrated. 9s. BELL.—Indian Peepshow. By Henry Newman. 7s. 6d. BASIL BLACKWELL.—Love Sonnets and Other Poems. By M. Krishnamurti. 3s. 6d. GEOFFREY BLES.—Chirupula's Tale: A By-way in African History. By J. E. Stephenson. 8s. 6d. BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION.—B.B.C. Annual 1937. 2s. 6d. THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.—Anne, The Last Stuart Monarch. By Neville Connell. Illustrated. 15s. JONATHAN CAPE.—Gulla the Tramp. By John Carlin. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. CASSELL.—Blind Man's Year. By Warwick Deeping. 7s. 6d. Married People. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—The Wheel Turns. By Gian Dauli. Translated by Bernard Miall. 8s. 6d. COLLINS.—Royal Rhymes. By John Milne. Illustrated by D. A. Boden. 5s. CONSTABLE.—As We Like It. By Ann Delamain. 7s. 6d. Out of Doors in England. By James Turle. Illustrated by Will F. Taylor. 7s. 6d. Naked Gold. By A. t'Serstevens. 7s. 6d. Ten Poplars. By Hélène Magriska. 7s. 6d. The Revels Are Ended. By Robert Carson. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—The Adventurous Life of Count Lavallette. By Himself. Vol. 2. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. Under the Japanese Mask. By Miles W. Vaughan. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. Death in the Morning. By Helen Nicholson. (Baroness de Zelinitzki). 5s. Who Rides? Events in the Life of a West Australian Police Officer. By H. E. Graves. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—Go Golfing With Archie Compston and Henry Longhurst. 2s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—Things Past Redress. By Augustine Birrell. Illustrated. 15s. Tunbridge Wells. By Margaret Barton. Illustrated. 15s. HAMISH HAMILTON.—Unfinished Journey. By Jack Jones. 10s. 6d. Progress and Catastrophe: An Anatomy of Human Adventure. By Stanley Cassan. 7s. 6d. The Burning Court. By John Dickson Carr. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—Royal Purple. By Bertita Harding. 8s. 6d.

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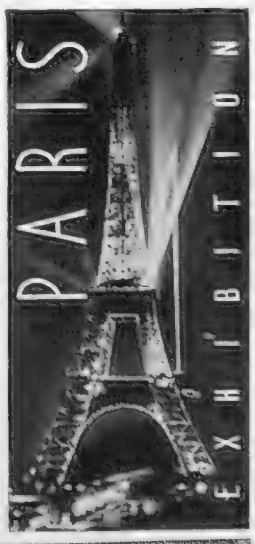

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WHERE FARMER AND GRAZIER MEET: The weekly market in progress near the shores of Bahr el Huleh (the Waters of Merom; a lake in the far north of Palestine). It is here that the wandering Beduins come in to barter with the Arab agriculturists

PALESTINE—THE ARAB VIEWPOINT

(*Continued from page* 516)

"The Arabs of Palestine awake to see an independent State in Iraq; a semi-independent Arab State with an Arab Emir in Trans-Jordania, and lately, an independent Syrian Republic and a Lebanese Republic on the basis of a Treaty between them and France. Although all these States were, together with Palestine, part of Turkey, and of the Mandatory Category 'A,' yet the Palestine Arab cannot get what his cousins had already got, because of the Jewish National Home."

These words, spoken to me by the Mayor of Jerusalem, Dr. Hussein Fakhri Effendi Khalidi, one of Palestine's ablest leaders, express a main cause for the Arab revolt against Zionism.

"Is it a wonder," to quote the continuance of Dr. Khalidi's statement, —"that the Arab begins to show signs of unrest, and to think that the Government is withholding self-government from the country until the Jews become the majority?

"The present policy of the Government in constituting or driving at a Palestinian nationality on the basis that the Arab should forget he is an Arab, and the same with the Jews, is an impossibility on account of the great difference of the two sections, in race, creed, religion, customs, morals, culture, and civilisation. No one can dispute the fact that the Arabs have been in this country for the last fourteen centuries—whether the Jews are historically attached to it does not matter in the least, or give them any right to come back.

"Whether they are homeless, destitute, and persecuted is no concern of the Arabs who, as humans, naturally sympathise with them; but it is for the Jews to find a home for themselves and search for the causes of their persecution and try to avoid them.

"Whether they are the minority everywhere and the majority nowhere is surely no argument why they should become the majority in Palestine. There are still the four corners of the world — nay, continents — which are empty and craving for capital and manual labour. The Jews have not achieved in Palestine what capital cannot achieve anywhere in the world, and at a considerably higher cost to them."

Some, perhaps, may not agree with these words, but in my opinion, apart from whatever criticisms they will arouse, they state an outlook on the case as it affects the Arab population, who hold the view that—

"Pledges and promises had been given to both sides—a Mandate and all that it means was imposed upon the Arabs of Palestine without their consent. The country has been so governed during the last eighteen years without the Arabs being allowed to say a word with regard to their future destiny. They have represented their case time after time to the British Government, the League of Nations, and the whole world. They have sent delegation after delegation to London to plead their case.

"Riots and disturbances occurred at intervals. Commission after Commission was sent to inquire and recommend, without any of their recommendations being adopted or put into effect. In other words, the whole situation was allowed to drag on indefinitely, becoming worse instead of better as time went on, and the solution was left to time and patience."

G. P. D.

On left—TO AID AGRICULTURE IN THE HOLY LAND: An aerial view of the potash works by the Dead Sea, showing the factory buildings in the foreground and the evaporating pans, covering 500 acres, in the middle distance. Here salts for fertilisation of the soil are being obtained in large quantities, and it is hoped eventually to bring production up to 100,000 tons annually. A proportion of it will be sold for export

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INFORMATION Swiss Railways & State Travel Bureau, 11-B Regent Street, S.W.1, Railway Continental Enquiry Offices and Travel Agents.

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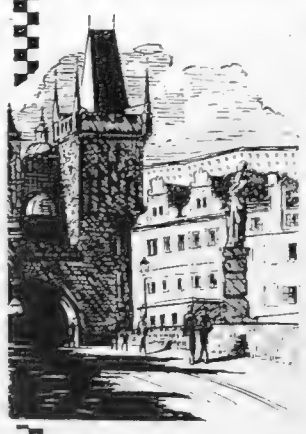

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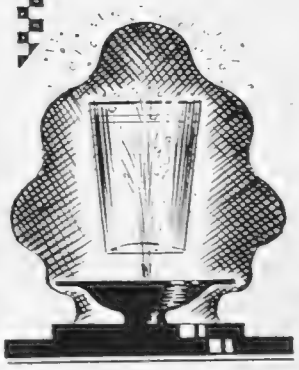

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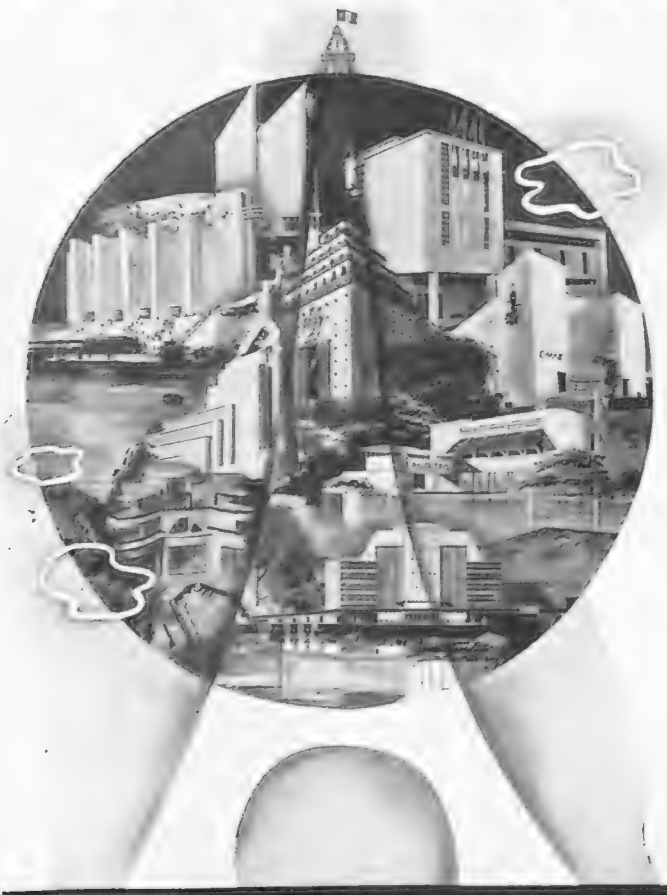

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NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

In Switzerland Now — Where to Stay at Dinard — The Quiet Vineyards and Forests of Alsace and Lorraine

SUMMER at St. Moritz.—One is apt to regard as St. Moritz' chief claim to fame its renown in the realm of winter sports. This is not so. Centuries before skis were introduced by Englishmen from Norway to Switzerland, St. Moritz was noted for its healing waters, and as long ago as 1537 the great physician Theothrastus Paracelsus wrote "A mineral spring which I rate above all others I have found in Europe is in the Engadine at St. Moritz." In this connection the opening of an Information Bureau for St. Moritz at 29–31, Regent Street, S.W. 1, is a timely reminder. The pump room itself opens in the middle of June, and from then onwards patients are treated for diseases of the blood, heart trouble, and nervous complaints, among others. Soon afterwards the famous Engadine golf links are opened. This is the prelude to a long series of golf tournaments, tennis, and swimming championships, and all the pleasures which go to make up a Swiss summer. Among these may also be mentioned excellent riding, mountain-climbing of course, and fishing. Anyone who has visited Switzerland in winter will have had a foretaste of the splendour of the countryside in summer when the flowery meadows bask under a hot sun, and when in July one has only to climb a little higher to find the flowers that are over on the lower slopes.

Alsace and Lorraine.—The two French provinces whose names have spelt such furious combats in the past are themselves essentially peaceful even as French countrysides go. And these cornfields and vineyards guarded by ruined castles, these quiet forests and sleepy pools, are very pleasant surroundings for the summer visitor. Alsace and Lorraine are excellent touring grounds for the motorist; or you may travel by the comfortable omnibus service of the Alsace and Lorraine Railway. Colmar, Mulhouse, and Luxemburg are good centres, and from any of these you may drive through Sainte Odile the holy mountain, Saverne the most famous beauty spot in the Vosges, and the old forest of Hohwald. Luxemburg, capital of the little grand duchy, is itself a particularly attractive town with its famous gardens and flowery terraces. Information as to travel in Alsace and Lorraine may be obtained from any tourist agency.

The Scottish Scene.—It is not so many weeks ahead now until the spot-light focussed on the King moves north. But before the King goes to Holyroodhouse summer will have come to the glens in its full loveliness. July, August, and September are the crowded months for Scottish hotels; but some of the finest weather is often met with in June, when you may see your way home at midnight and the country is at its freshest. In particular the Border country is glorious in early summer. The very names raise up a host of memories. Abbotsford, where Scott lived within a few miles of the superb, ruined abbey of Melrose, and Dryburgh, where he lies buried. Near by him lies another great Scotsman, Haig. And there is Teviotdale to explore. Certainly the Border country is a good one to stay in before moving northwards into the Highlands.

CAPITAL OF THE "KINGLESS KINGDOM": Looking down from the heights above Budapest on the wide waters of the Danube as they course beneath the arches of the city's graceful bridges. At this season of the year Budapest is full of animation, its cosmopolitan crowds contributing to its stimulating atmosphere of gaiety

WHERE "THE MAN OF DESTINY" FIRST SAW THE LIGHT: The little house in Ajaccio, Corsica, in which Napoleon Bonaparte was born. Needless to say it is the great show place of the island, attracting a host of visitors every year

Hungary.—The visit of the King and Queen of Italy to Budapest has lately been drawing more than usual attention towards the "kingless kingdom." Cruelly shorn of so many of her former possessions, Hungary retains her atmosphere of exotic charm. Essentially agricultural, she has kept her feudal traditions more successfully unspoiled than any other country in Europe. The castle still exercises its benevolent rule over the surrounding countryside, the peasants still wear their national costumes and sing their traditional songs. At Budapest you will find an intensely gay cosmopolitan capital which is also a health resort, for the famous Budapest Spa spans the Danube. If Vienna is gay, there is a certain wild hilarity about Budapest. It is within easy reach by train of Siofok on Lake Balaton whose beaches are notable for their good bathing, and though there is no record of Dryden having visited Hungary he might well have been thinking of these beaches when he exclaims "How the warm planet ripens and sublimes the well-bak'd beauties of the Southern climes!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Dinard.—Dinard is a very good holiday centre with excellent bathing, and there is an excellent golf-course at St. Briac which is within easy reach by car or bus. The Hotel de la Mer is a first-class hotel standing in a delightful garden running down to the beach, and the terms are from 38 to 90 frs. per day inclusive. We can also recommend the Hotel Emeraude Pilage which is very comfortable, overlooking the sea, and one minute from the main beach. Here the charges are from 30 to 35 frs. per day. There is no saving to be effected by not travelling through an Agency, and in fact a good Agency will often be able to arrange certain reductions. They give very good service and it is sometimes useful to be able to call on their organisation for assistance.

Corsica.—There are no specially reduced fares London–Marseilles, but there is a 50 per cent. reduction on the French section in connection with the Paris Exhibition, and to obtain this one must stay five days in Paris. The journey may be broken at any point. The steamer leaves Marseilles for Corsica on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. It is necessary to stay at first-class hotels in order to be comfortable, but they are not really expensive. We enclose a list with tariffs. The bathing at Ajaccio is not very good as the coast is very rocky, but there are good beaches at Calvi and Ile Rousse.

BATTLEMENTED AVIGNON

This show place of Southern France and erstwhile city of the Popes has the finest medieval ramparts still extant in Europe, skirting the boulevards for a distance of three miles. They were for the most part built by Popes Innocent VI and Urban V

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is to be enjoyed at its best at Bramley Grange—a beautiful country house with 30 acres of grounds and gardens. The countryside is at its most glorious—an added charm to the many social and sporting amenities available. Bramley Golf Club (18 holes) adjoining Hotel grounds. Ten minutes by bus to Guildford—40 minutes from there by train to London. Bridge Hostess—free instruction to Residents. Swimming Pool. Own covered Squash Court, Hard Tennis Court, Croquet Lawn, and Billiard Room. Very moderate inclusive terms. Illustrated literature with pleasure.

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In Quest

To Scotland via Gretna

THE only disappointing thing about Scotland is its beginning. About six miles north of the border town of Carlisle, one crosses the Sark Bridge and an enamel sign canted at a drunken angle coldly announces "Scotland." One misses the thrill of passing from one country to another as on the Continent. The douane, the formality of passports, and the small hoard of cigars and cigarettes one hopes to smuggle in and out!

Admittedly there is the inconvenience of such barriers between countries but one misses these thrills on entering Scotland and I suggest to the Scottish Travel Association that they erect something in the form of a triumphant arch with "Welcome to Scotland" emblazoned on it in English and Gaelic—the latter just to give that foreign realism.

For the Scottish as a race do welcome you; in the Highlands and Lowlands. Yes, even in Aberdeen one is running the gauntlet of hospitality and for this reason once one crosses the Border, progress is delightfully slow. But my triumphant arch would be north of Gretna Green, for if I were a native Scot I would present Gretna Green to England with magnificent gesture, for Gretna was made by English runaway couples and is by no means the romantic spot one had looked forward to. It's nothing but a graveyard of advertising boards directing you to this and that house where runaway marriages were effected. I had hoped to see a thatched roof blacksmith's shop under a chestnut tree. Alas for romance! Vulgar commercialism has thrust it into the background.

So Scotland will always begin for me beyond Gretna and after that one cannot go a mile without stepping into history, legendary and real. A signpost off to the left directed me to the cave of Robert Bruce, but I had a cavity within!

I had travelled nearly 140 miles and lunch was indicated. Had I been a true tourist I should have stopped at Ecclefechan, the birthplace and last resting place of Thomas Carlyle, but I had spied several roadside boards which urged me on to the Lockerbie House Hotel, 25 miles from Carlisle.

I never mind a long drive if there is a reward at the end of it and Lockerbie House fulfilled all the hopes I had about it. To reach it go right through Lockerbie, turn right at the fork, continue half a mile and turn right up a winding drive with rhododendrons and azaleas in full bloom to greet you if it be the month of May.

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in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

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SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL THE DOWNS WIMBLEDON

Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

Noteworthy Stopping the Border

You need have no suspicion that there is a converted country house being run as an hotel by amateurs. I discovered a fully fledged manager. Give him his wings and in consultation with the chef, he could prepare for you a memorable meal. The set table d'hote lunch was excellent. One need not have the whole at 3s. 6d. but an abridged one at 2s. 6d.

After lunch I introduced myself to Mr. Palladini, the resident manager, and got him to show me round. The whole house lends itself to an hotel, and the Board of Directors who control it have wisely maintained that country house atmosphere with quiet furnishings, yet have introduced every modern comfort.

Although Lockerbie House is primarily in demand as a first or last halting place bound to or from Scotland, it struck me as an hotel which would make a delightful headquarters for a longer stay. Lockerbie is the centre of a great fox hunting and otter hunting district. There is plenty of golf; salmon and trout fishing are to be had, and as a centre for motoring you can here get first-hand knowledge of the Galloway Highlands; the Border country comparatively unknown to many people; and at the same time visit or revisit Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the Selkirk, Jedburgh, Melrose areas.

But even omitting the surroundings, Lockerbie House Hotel is inviting in itself. Eighty acres of grounds. Fruit, flower, and vegetable gardens. Wooded paths and sheltered nooks. Here you will find quiet and contentment at all times of the year.

Regaining the main road, a signpost reminds one that Peebles Hydro is but forty-eight miles away; but bound for the Highlands, Peebles on this occasion must be left until the return journey. So where the signpost to Moffat is reached, keep left, as Abington from a halting view-point must be our next objective; for here you will find the Abington Hotel.

Here again road-signs had attracted me. Every ten miles an imitation railway signal in the "all clear" position attracted my attention. These and the lettering over the doorway of the hotel, "Patronised by Royalty," lured me to stop and go in.

I am very glad that I did so, for the Abington Hotel gives the complete lie to those who have toured Scotland in past years and delighted in telling you her hotels are bad. Here was the second hotel I had visited in Scotland, and it was excellent. A model of spick-

(Continued on page 543)

The pivotal centre of the English Lakes, and from whose windows you get a magnificent 9 mile panoramic view of the Scawfell Range. An Hotel that is brimful of interest. Interesting food, intriguing wines, 100 inviting bedrooms, and by no means least the interest of the Resident Proprietors, who represent an unbroken chain of four generations.

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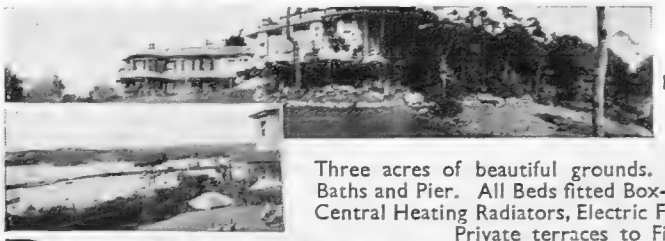

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Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
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Onich (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.
Oban.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
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WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
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Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel. (LMS-NCC.)
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SCOTLAND—*continued.*

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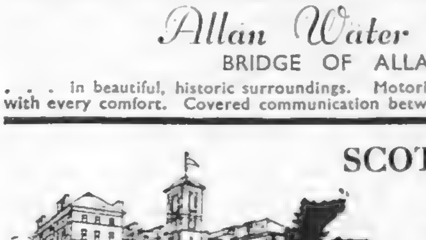
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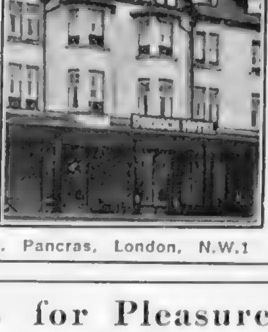
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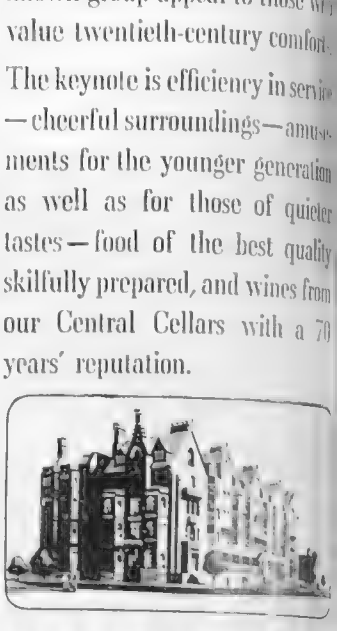
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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

(Continued from page 541)

MAN OF PISTANY: A picturesquely clad participant at a folk festival in this renowned Czechoslovakian spa which every year attracts its quota of British visitors

and-spanners—hot and cold water in all the bedrooms; a bathroom to every three rooms; a cheerful-looking dining-room and lounges. In short, very good class and complete in comfort. And the Royalty? The Queen of Holland with Princess Juliana stayed there on their visit to Scotland a year or so back, and if you want to go further back in history — Napoleon Bonaparte III stayed and slept there in 1839, and his chair has been preserved for you to sit in.

The Abington Hotel is a very popular halting place, so it is well to book your room in advance or arrive early. Both before and after Abington, the road which runs through the Lowlands is most picturesque, and heading for Lanark, you may as I did feel you would like to sojourn awhile some day in this neighbourhood off the beaten track. Make a note then of the Tinto Hotel, Symington, which is but one minute off this Carlisle–Lanark road, and is eight miles from the latter town.

It is well worth turning off for it. In the "Uplands of the Lowlands," it is 750 ft. up and seems to have been designed to catch every ray of sunshine and to get the most out of the expansive views. There is plenty of brightness about the Hotel itself. The corridors are so wide that given a slope instead of stairs to the upstairs floors you could drive your car to your bedroom! With white enamelled furniture and large windows, the bedrooms are all bright.

In the dining-room every table has a view and with 10 acres of grounds and a lovely countryside it struck me that the Tinto Hotel was well worth discovering.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels large and small known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.*

PRIVATE LIFE OF LOUIS XVII

THE BOY IN THE TEMPLE PRISON: This portrait of Louis XVII, son of Louis XVI and titular King of France, is said to have been painted from life by the artist Vien

EVERY country has its unsolved historical mysteries that have captured the imagination, and not the least intriguing is that relating to Louis XVII, who became nominally King of France on the execution of his father in 1793 and was officially said to have died in prison two years later. The rumour that he lived on persisted, however, and it is on this assumption that Emlyn Williams bases his new play, *He Was Born Gay*, which recently began its run at the Queen's Theatre and is the subject of a very full review by "The Sphere's" dramatic critic on page 526 of this issue. Mr. Page, who has over 2,000 books and pamphlets on this subject in which he has always taken a keen interest, is convinced that the ill-starred boy died in prison

WITH THE K.A.R. IN LONDON

WONDER, AMUSEMENT, AND INTEREST, are all registered on the face of this non-commissioned officer of the King's African Rifles now visiting England for the first and probably the only time in his life

THE men of the King's African Rifles, some of whom have been in London for the Coronation, are simple agriculturists and stock-raisers, and their reactions to this country are governed by their primitive outlook. Of all the wonders they have seen, it is the greenery of England which has impressed them most. "Why," asks one, "do I see great piles of butter in shops, but no cows anywhere?" Their constant contact with wild animals and the dangers of the bush breeds an alertness which makes them excellent soldiers, who proved their worth in the great war. To-day their work is to preserve the Pax Britannica amongst their own tribes. Though they can handle modern rifles many are still adepts with bows, and when eventually discharged will revert to their former primitive existences. "When we return to Africa," they say, "we shall have to be content just to tell of the marvels of England. Our friends will call us liars."

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Puritan Tanneries, Ltd., Runcorn, Cheshire.

PUTTING THE SWISS HOUSE IN ORDER

(Continued from page 510)

officially recognised volunteer Intelligence Service, the "Frena." England had experience, in August, 1914, of what awful things could supervene from voluntary counter-espionage. Returning from Russia as late as May, 1915, I was myself taken to the police station at Totland Bay because someone reported me as lying on the cliffs wearing suspicious boots—and Polish boots they were, loathly yellow things. However, the "Frena" looks to be a sound show, its carefully picked personnel assisting the police in the discharge of new laws aimed at reducing Switzerland's reputation as the revolving table of international espionage, and countering the insidious workings of Moscow, Berlin, and Rome. However one may shrink at the notion of hidden eyes and ears, this Swiss departure is probably the most justified version one could find.

Of course it takes in national defence as well. The Führer may very considerately inform the Federal Government that never will he dream of violating Swiss territory. German military experts may inveigh against the assertion that Ludendorff contemplated a Swiss invasion in 1917, in order to roll up the French from Belfort. Nazi organs may insist that such invasion these times would be sheer strategic as well as political lunacy. The Swiss courteously listen. And go on steadily fashioning a new armed national condition. They are taking no risks; assessing pious declarations and proffered non-aggression parchments for what they may be worth in the current world.

Outward signs of increasing Swiss preparedness are not lacking. One frequently passes young detachments drilling in wayside fields, while my first night in Geneva it was lights out for an air raid.

The Confederation fears nothing from across the long and winding French frontier—unless it be accrued "Red" influence emanating from a Paris out of hand. So far as I can gather, the Swiss do not think there is much chance of danger from Italy; for one thing, the mountains and the lakes form such terrific natural barriers, the former even to bombers. It is no use beating round the bush. The Swiss have mainly in view a Nazi descent from the foothills of the Black Forest.

The new army capable of immediate action, apart from the Landwehr or Reserve, will number 102 battalions incorporated in nine divisions of three regiments each, three mountain, and three light brigades. For mountain warfare, where a considerable force might have to fight an isolated campaign for months, entirely self-contained commands are envisaged.

There will be no Swiss Navy, but an Alpine-tried air force divided into three regiments, forming twenty companies, and yielding 300 first-line machines, in which reconnaissance types and fighters will predominate as distinct from bombers.

So Switzerland is putting on her Sam Brown, for democracy. Only for her own democracy? Such must remain the question of questions. Whether nations of the same way of thought will continue to stand by while one of their tribe is swallowed; for if such piecemeal swallowing is tolerated, it must mark the gradual demise of democracy.

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THE MAYOR OF MONTS IN HIS TRICOLOUR SASH OF OFFICE: Dr. Mercier, who was entrusted with the task of connecting the marriage of the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Warfield, which was timed to take place at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday

ARTIST WEDS: Mr. Stanley Spencer (centre), the Associate of the Royal Academy who resigned two years ago in consequence of the rejection of two out of five pictures he submitted to the 1935 exhibition, was married recently at Maidenhead Register Office to Miss Patricia Preece, with whom he is here seen

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Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

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Winter and Summer Residence.

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Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1934. Incl. fm. 65 frs. With bath fm. 80 frs. Open all year.

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Opposite the cathedral.

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Frankfurt-am-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district. Thoroughly first-class. 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen. — Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.—Hotel Reichspost.—The hotel for personal service, comfort, and refinement in the Black Forest.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7–9.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz.—First class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich. — Park Hotel. — Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts, moderate prices. Situated the entrance of the old town. Opposite the station.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.) Black Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing. Incl. terms fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse. dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Walchensee.—Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pension from 7 Mks.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens fr. Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

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